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P O E M S.

FORMS

THE
HARP OF ACCUSHNET:
POEMS

BY

MRS. ELIZABETH HAWES.

BOSTON:

OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

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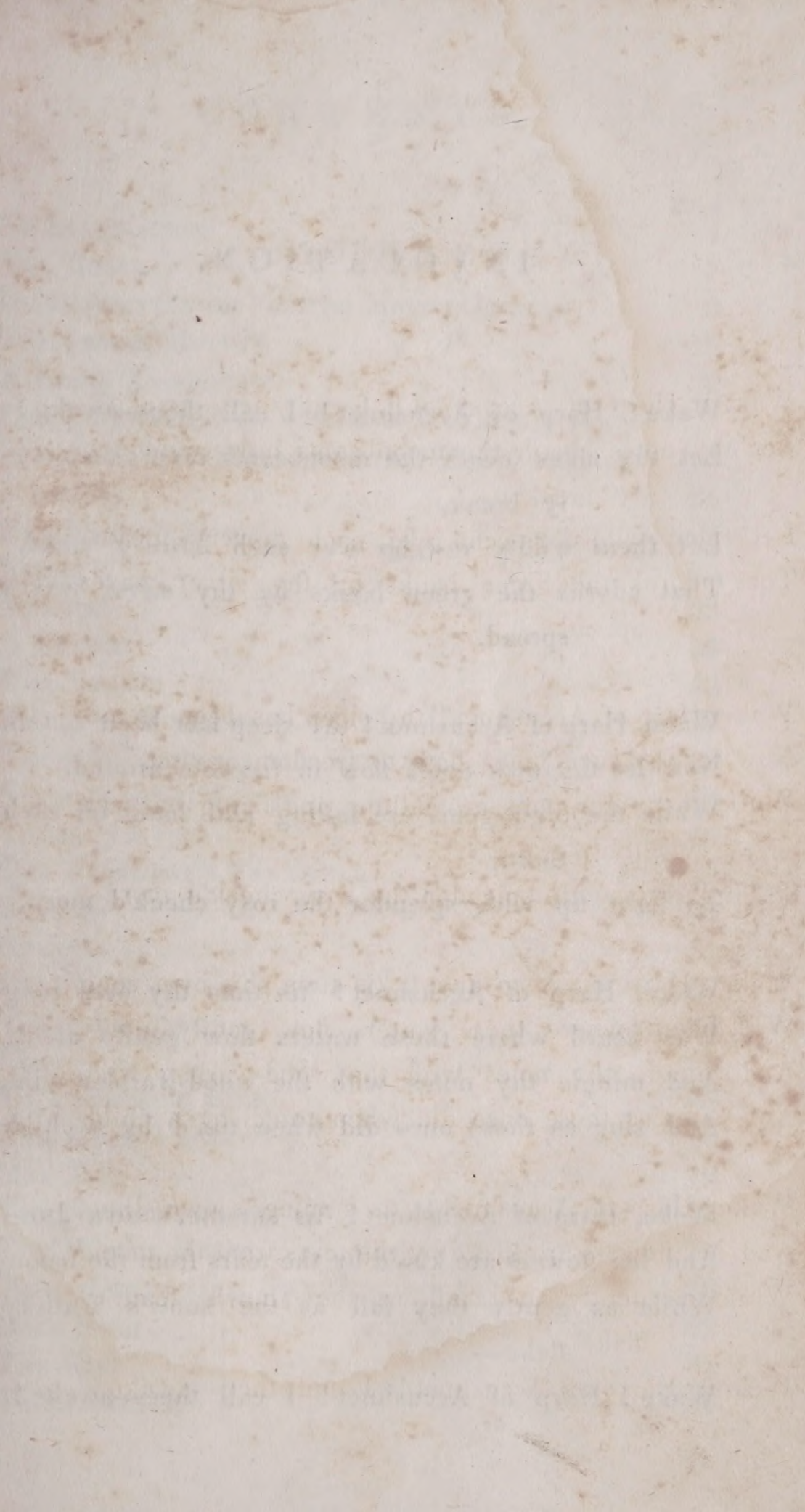
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Mrs. Hennen Jennings
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EAST BRIDGEWATER PRESS.—GEO. H. BROWN.



INVOCATION.

Wake! Harp of Accushnet! I call thee—awake!
Let thy notes 'neath the moonbeams now trembling-
ly break,
Let them wildly re-echo o'er each flowery mead,
That adorns the green banks by thy silver waves
spread.

Wake, Harp of Accushnet! thy sleep has been sound,
Now let thy own notes flow in freedom around,
While the night-gems are falling and hang on each
thorn,
To light up with splendor the rosy cheek'd morn.

Wake, Harp of Accushnet! 'tis time thy own song
Was heard where these waters flow gently along,
And mingle thy notes with the wood-warbler wild,
And sing as those once did when tun'd by a child.

Wake, Harp of Accushnet! 'tis summer's own June,
And her flowers are kiss'd by the tears from the moon,
While as gently they fall as the snow's feath'ry
flake—

Wake! Harp of Accushnet! I call thee—awake!

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P O E M S.

T O I M A G I N A T I O N .

Away, on the wings of the morning,
On your fairy-borne chariot, away,
Like the flash of the night star adorning
Its course with its meteor ray.

Be as free as the waves of the ocean,
That dance in their freedom along,
And break, in their angry commotion,
When the storm spirit sings them his song.

Be as free, as the clouds that are winging
Their way through yon broad arch on high;
Be as free, as the winds, that are bringing
Sweet odours from far Araby.

Be as free, as the eagle that's soaring
High o'er yon green mountain's brow,
Or the cataract, foaming and roaring
And throwing its waters below.

We'll now rest awhile in the green-wood,
Where the panther and wolf nightly roam,
To seek 'neath its shade for the life blood
Of traveller far from his home ;

Where the Indian, his presence concealing,
'Mid deep-tangled thicket and brier,
Lurks in ambush, but soon will be stealing
To avenge the deep wrongs of his sire.

Then away to the cliff of some mountain,
Where pines wave their tall branches high,
And then to some murm'ring fountain,
And breathe to the wild winds a sigh ;

A sigh for the wide world around us,
But not for its malice or scorn ;
For spirits celestial have found us,
And never will leave us forlorn.

Then leave for a flight o'er the water,
First to Rome's fallen grandeur repair,
Where the stamp of dread ruin and slaughter
Is impress'd on her brow, once so fair.

And there, 'mid the remnants of glory,
Where art once her banner unfurl'd,
'Neath sculptered walls mossy and hoary,
Mourn o'er the once Queen of the world.

Then leave for Alhambra's fam'd towers,
Where once the dark Moor rul'd in Spain,
Where ruin amid the scene lowers,
Awhile, for a short while, remain.

Then to France, with her sunny clime smiling,
O'er vine cover'd vallies and hills,
And list to the soft pipe beguiling
The swain of his cares and his ills.

Then over the waters to Dover,
To Britain, the fam'd mother isle,
And rest on her shores, when once over,
And gaze on her glories awhile.

To Westminster Abbey first hasting,
On your light airy wings hie away ;
But with royalty do not be wasting
Your time, for you've not long to stay.

First seek out the spot consecrated
To feeling, to mind doubly dear ;
Drop there, and don't think it wasted,
The tribute of sympathy's tear.

Bright spirits are ever there winging
On pinions unseen to the eye;
I can fancy I now hear them singing,
In strains fraught with soft melody.

But we cannot name all that are hallow'd,
And shrin'd in earth's bosom below;
For many a one lies there pillow'd,
And time will not wait we well know.

Haste now where the mosses are wreathing
Their festoons round Kenelworth's towers;
For over them e'er will be breathing
The charms of Scott's magical powers.

There behold the gay pageant advancing,
Led on by the fair English Queen,
And hear the quick breath and the prancing
Of gallant steed over the green!

Leave England, and over the border
Pass shrines that are hallow'd and dear;
They cannot be all nam'd in order,
For time's rushing wings we plain hear.

First to the church-yard of Dumfries,
Where the song bard of Ayr lowly sleeps,
Where nature e'er mourns in the wild breeze,
And tells to the cold world she weeps.

Let Dryburgh's old walls then admit you,
There the mighty magician lies low ;
Linger there, if old time will permit you,
And let the salt tear freely flow.

For there 'tis the mighty one slumbers,
Who once wav'd his wand o'er the earth,
And Fame with her trumpet now numbers
Him, whom she first mark'd from his birth.

Then farewell to the queen of the ocean,
Her heroes and worthies of old,
Who have oft caused the warmest emotion
To rise, when their glory was told.

To Erin, green Erin, just wander
On the soft downy pinions of love ;
For there 'twas an angel did render
Her soul to its Maker above ;

Yes, Hemans, thy sorrows are over ;
A bright crown of glory is thine ;
The purest of spirits there hover,
And Fame's brightest garland entwine !

We must leave, for the fresh gales are blowing ;
It is time, for our journey's been long ;
To the green forest land we are going,
To list to our own woodland song.

To rest, where our forests are waving
Their arms toward the blue-vaulted sky,
Where our broad, endless rivers are laving
Green banks, that embosom'd there lie.

For your wings, they are weary, they've borne you,
So rapidly on in your flight;
Hush!—a zephyr has pass'd by and torn you,
And wafted you far from my sight.

THE ROSES.

The Roses! the Roses in beauty bright and fair,
The richest gems in Flora's crown, can aught with
you compare?

Can any flower in field or bower such loveliness
disclose,

As hovers round that peerless one, old England's
royal Rose?

Can any flower in field or bower, array'd in all its
pride,

Match with the beauties of the Rose, when bloom-
ing by its side?

The Roses! the Roses! all in their glory are;
Behold them in their beauty, the fairest of the fair;
The dews of Heaven drank of their sweets, as from
the stars they fell;

The winds of Heaven, they kiss'd them too, and of
it too they tell.

And ev'ry bird, that tunes his throat, he bears the
tale along,

That the soft winds have kiss'd the Rose, the bur-
den of his song.

The Roses! the Roses! they are the flowers for me;
I prize them, yes, I prize them far before all flowers
I see.

Others may crown the lily fair, when in her pride
she's seen ;

To me the Rose must ever stand the garden's right-
ful queen.

Who cannot help but love them, those beauties lent
from Heaven ?

Who cannot help love them, so little while they're
given ?

Perhaps that makes us prize them so, they die
away so soon,

That little fragrant flowery band, the pride of Sum-
mer's June.

Many there are most lovely ones and true, I love
them well ;

The pink, the modest violet, and Scotland's own
blue-bell ;

The daisy, and the buttercup, that bloom beside the
grot ;

The tulip, and the hyacinth, and love's forget-me-
not ;

And many more ; they all are dear, that little fra-
grant band

That bud and bloom, and spread their sweets, di-
rected by that hand,

That makes the wilds in beauty blow, and decks
the garden bower ;

But I must bow me to the Rose, as queen of ev'ry
flower.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING
MOUNT AUBURN.

The winds that swept the yellow heath
They whisper'd of the dying year;
Then wildly sung its coming death,
In notes both sweet and sad to hear.
October dropt the pearly tear,
As lightly o'er the hills she flew,
And, tho' her breath had dared to sear,
She deck'd the groves in richest hue.

No bird among the rustling trees
Was sweetly heard to tune its song,
Soft calling on the passing breeze
To waft its notes of love along.
Fair Flora far her wreath had flung,
And Ceres' tears they fell in vain,
For chilling balsts had early wrung
Her treasures from the spreading plain.

Rich were the charms of Autumn spread
 Around each hillock, bank and grove,
Encircling many an earthly bed,
 Where oft the cypress wreath is wove,
Where weeping friends full often rove
 To kneel beside some hallow'd grave,
And consecrate the spot to love,
 Where Auburn's groves in beauty wave.

Slowly I lingered through those aisles,
 Those labyrinths that mazy wind
Through that sweet spot, where nature smiles,
 And in her brightest charms we find,
For there they all are fair, combin'd,
 And every rolling season brings
Its beauties forth, and o'er the mind
 The magic of its influence flings.

Where science, virtue, honor sleep
 I linger'd long, and as I stood
Beside their graves, I could not weep
 Nor sigh amid the hallowed crowd,
For mercy (purchas'd by the blood
 Of Him who wore upon his head
The crown of thorns) pour'd forth her flood
 Of glory o'er the happy dead.

And, as the leaves around me fell,
And the winds whisper'd soft and low,
They seem'd the mournful tale to tell
That earthly joys were twin'd with woe.
For late in beauty flowers did grow,
Beneath the fading forest tree;
In beauty they no longer blow,
Cold earth, they've found a home on thee.

Yes, earth, they seek a resting place
On thy cold breast, amid these groves,
Where death in terror none can trace,
But wears the aspect fancy loves;
And here through Auburn's shades she roves,
And freely spreads her airy wings,
Pointing towards Heaven, and, as she moves,
Of joys immortal sweetly sings.

Oh sacred shades, could I but rest
Beneath you, when in death I lie,
Be welcom'd there to earth's cold breast,
When I have breath'd life's latest sigh,
When earthly shadows from me fly,
And weary of this mortal coil,
To brighter worlds with joy I hie,
And leave a world of woe and toil.

Yes, could I hope, when I am dead,
That some friend, who my heart hath known,
Would place the cross above my head,
The emblem of the faith I own,
In Auburn's shades, and make the stone
A simple one, where I may lie,
I'd say, Oh death! thy sting hath flown;
The grave hath lost its victory;

For death would have no sting for me,
Its arrow it would scarcely wound,
If I could hope that I should be
Circled by Auburn's beauties round.
I'll hope that friend will yet be found
To lay me, when life's taper fades,
Sweet Auburn, in thy hallow'd ground,
Beneath thy consecrated shades.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

The noon sun gilds the mountain stream,
 And near its bushy sides
 The Indian Mother's dark eyes gleam,
 As from the foe she hides;
 For, at early morn by the white man's hand,
 Her warrior was sent to the spirit land.

On a bank of the softest moss is seen
 The brow of her sleeping child,
 And she gathers the twigs of the osiers green,
 That grow in the woody wild:
 And she forms of the osiers around her spread
 A bower to shelter her infant's head.

She looks on her babe, as he sleeping lies,
 So innocent and fair;
 Not one tear-drop gems her dark bright eyes;
 Not one sigh is uttered there;
 For the hopes of a mother are gath'ring fast;
 On her sleeping babe they are fearless cast.

"I'll make him a bower of the leafy bush,
And shelter him from the sun,"
She sings, "and hush, my baby, hush,
For thy mother has just begun
To weave the twigs of the willow tree,
And form a sheltering bower for thee."

"And thou'rt all my little one,
Dear Child of a warrior bold;
Thou'rt all that's left, my darling son,
Of a race far fam'd of old;
The swiftest in chase, the boldest in war,
The dread of the pale face near and far."

"And, when thou'rt nam'd with the warrior band,
She will tell how the pale face came
And drove thy fathers afar from their land,
And wreath'd their dwellings in flame,
And made thy mother seek out in the wood
A home with all that remains of her blood."

"Now hush, my babe, and I will lay
Thee in thy little green bower,
The softest breezes around thee shall play,
And fan thee, my little wild flower.
And thy mother waits, for the deed must be done
That will prove that thou'rt thy father's son."

“ Sleep on, my baby, sweetly sleep,
Sleep sweet in the leafy shade;
Wake not to see thy mother weep,
But rest in the bower she's made. *Shave the age of sorrow*
She hides you now from the white man foe,
Whose arm this morn laid thy father low.”

“ Thy mother rejoices, for plain she can see
A spirit in thy young eye,
That tells, that a warrior thou'rt born to be,—
That thou from the foe ne'er will fly;
And the time will yet come when the death of
thy sire
And wrongs of thy mother'll be written in fire.”

The Indian mother glanc'd with pride
At her little sleeping son;
As he slept in his innocence close to her side,
She kiss'd her dark eye'd one.
And who but a mother can tell her joy,
As she clasp'd, when he woke, her infant boy?

The boy grew apace, and the mountain deer
Oft heard the twang of his bow;
The bear and the panther fled in fear
From the haunts of their youthful foe;
For oft by him they were laid in death,
And their red blood stain'd the mossy heath.

Panther Eye the young boy was nam'd,
And honor upon him bestow'd
For his first exploit;—and far he was fam'd
For his courage; and it was allow'd,
From the time when he first his skill did try,
And aim'd his shaft at the panther's eye.

And, then to lead the warrior band,
They call on the hunter bold,
There's none, that dwells in the green-wood land
Of the warriors, young or old,
Can sing with him the songs of war,
Or send the poison'd arrow so far.

The war song and dance are the chief delight
Of this son of the green-wood kings,
And he sung of his fathers, whose sun set bright,
Where the mountain echo rings,
Ere the winds had sent from a far-off shore
A race to tell them their reign was o'er.

And well might his mother exult with pride
O'er her son, for Appollo of old,
Fam'd for his beauty and grace far and wide,
And dwelt with immortals, I'm told,
Was not in his glory more graceful to view,
Than this young chief was with arrow aim'd true.

And he loved a maid, call'd the motherless fawn,
That dwelt in his mother's home,
And oft he would rise at the early dawn,
And over the mountain roam,
To entice the wood dove into his snare,
A gift for the maid with the raven hair.

The boldest, the fleetest, the fairest in form
This son of the forest stood,
The fire of his fathers his breast did warm,
When he trod the resounding wood ;
But he bore the heart of an Indian true,
And a flame was there smothered to burst anew.

His arrow is aim'd, just ready to fly,
As we see the young chieftain stand ;
His matchless form and his daring eye
Betray him a prince of the land ;
And he came of a race that was fam'd far and
near,
But which has been nameless for many a year.

And close by his side stands his nut-brown love,
The youthful Dian of the wild ;
Dignity, modesty, beauty are wove
Together and thrown round this child ;
This child of the wilderness, queen of the heart,
Of this forest Apollo, with oak-bow and dart.

As she stands by the side of her warrior bold,
He gives her his bow well strung,
Her graceful hand the arrow doth hold,
And 'tis quickly aim'd among
The tangled thicket; if then had you seen
This maid of the forest, you'd hail'd her as queen.

Well aim'd is the arrow, and lowly hath fell,
By the maiden's hand, the deer;
An antler'd brow, her lover can tell,
Is slain by the maiden here.
He looks on his love, as she stands by his side,
And he says, "she is born for a warrior's bride."

And, as the blood flows o'er the ground,
And stains the mossy green,
There is heard in the thicket a rustling sound,
Where the wild hedge roses are seen.
And the Indian mother beside them stands;
She tears her hair and she wrings her hands!

She says, "the time it has come, and I'll say,
For why was the Panther Eye born?
He has heard who caus'd his father to lay
In death, one early morn.
Revenge his death my son, my son;
The time it has come, and the deed must be done."

“My son knows where the stream divides,—
Where two little riv’lets flow,—
Where an old moss oak, in its hoary pride,
Waves its branches to and fro ;
Where the clefted rock has for ages stood ;
There the white man tasted thy father’s blood.”

“Revenge, my son ! revenge his death ;—
Go to his dwelling to-night ;
It stands in the valley ; ’tis yonder beneath
Those pines, with its walls so white.
I know, my son, thy blood is on fire ;
It boils to revenge the death of thy sire.”

“As soon as the moon has left the sky,
I’ll light the torch with my hand ;
But thou, my son, must the torch apply,
While bright burns the fiery brand.
As the red flames toward the night stars ascend,
The fate of my son and his lov’d one shall blend.”

The Panther Eye speaks ; he says that, “to-night
Shall my mother’s wrongs be redress’d,
And I’ll hail, as my wife, as the flames curl
bright,

The maid that my mother has bless’d.
And ere the sun again mounts the skies,
Ruin shall reign, where the murderer lies.”

And midnight saw on the plains below
The red flames glance around,
While shrieks through the air are heard to flow,
And groans from the dying resound;
And the Indian mother she dances with joy,
While beholding the deeds of her chieftain boy.

By the light of the flames, as they curl in the air,
The Panther Eye claims, as his bride,
The flower of the forest, 'mong many most fair,
That often has rov'd by his side.
And their priest was the same, as the sages relate,
Bless'd our parents in Eden, and blended their fate.

The groans of the dying at length die away,
The errand of vengeance is done,
And naught but the smoking ruins lay
Next morn 'neath the cloudless sun.
It arose in glory and brightly spread
Its beams o'er the murder'd and mangled dead.

The father, the mother, the daughter that night
All perish'd beneath the bright knife;
The Indian mother looks on with delight;—
'Tis the happiest hour of her life.
(The trav'ller now marks the spot, where stood
The mansion fair by the green wild wood.)

The Indian mother has tasted the cup
Of revenge, and has call'd it sweet ;
She has drank the whole of its contents up,
And her joy is now complete ;
For the race of the man, her direst foe,
Is extinct ; in no vein doth his blood flow.

A BRIDE TO-MORROW.

The evening sun is setting,
 The twilight soon will come,
 The whippoor-will begins his song,
 Inviting me from home.

I'll hie me to the meadows,
 Where wild flowers sweetly bloom,
 And gather there a summer wreath,
 To deck my bridal room.

To-morrow is my wedding day;—
 To-morrow I'm a bride;
 And Robin, chosen of my heart,
 Calls me his joy and pride.

He calls me his own Anna;
 To day he bought the ring;
 To morrow's eve to her own home
 He will his Anna bring.

You see yon little cottage,
 With sweetbrier twin'd around,
 'Tis there that my dear Robin
 A home for me has found.

He's planted there the rose tree,
And twining eglantine,
And many fragrant flowering bush,
And he has call'd them mine.

And many a tree our garden wall
Protects from the north winds,
Whose boughs will bend, when Autumn comes,
With fruits of many kinds.

And a shelter for the cooing dove
My Robin dear has made,
And a flow'ring bank for our own bees
Upon the sunny glade.

And, when Spring comes, beside the brook
Our little sportive lambs
Will frisk so gay, the livelong day,
Beside their fleecy dams.

How happy, happy I shall be,
When I am Robin's bride!—
But must I leave my father's home,
And my dear mother's side?

And leave my little sister,
That runs beside me here,
So charming, with her locks of gold
And bright blue eyes so clear!

I cannot help but weeping,
I love them all so well;
How happy I have ever been!
'Tis vain,—I cannot tell.

How I shall miss, when evening comes,
My father's evening prayer!
His hymn of love, his nightly kiss,
His ever watchful care!

Yes! home of all my infant joys,
Dear cottage by the grove,
The witness of my happy days,
You'll ever have my love.

But sixteen summer suns have pass'd;
But sixteen times the sun
Has smiled upon the summer flowers,
Since my young life begun.

And now, to-morrow's eve I go
Away, a bride to be,
And leave the home, I love so well,
Beneath the old oak tree.

I will not let my father's eye
See tears upon my cheek,
Nor shall my mother see them fall;
For of it she would speak.

And yonder comes my Robin!

I'll wipe away the tear;

I will not let him see me weep,

He is to me so dear.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A GERANIUM,
THAT WAS TRANSPLANTED FROM
THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON.

Where the sea-bird's scream echoes over the isle,
That encircles the conqueror's tomb,
Where a son of France is ne'er seen to smile,
You first burst into beauty's bloom.

Where the willows weep, as their branches wave,
To the foaming ocean's roar,
And the wild winds sigh o'er the conqueror's grave
On St. Helena's far fam'd shore.

It was there that your green leaves first open'd to
view,
Fann'd to life by the breeze passing by;
It was there in your seedling state that you grew,
Where the warrior's ashes lie.

You have drank the dew with the same fair
flowers

On that far-fam'd spot that bloom,
And been wet by the same soft summer showers,
That fell on the conqueror's tomb.

You've been brought from that spot by the careful
hand

Of one who remembers the brave,
Who has found you a home on his native land,
Where New-England's forests wave.

And here may your green leaves daily unfold,
As they did on their native shore,
And call oft to mem'ry the brave and the bold,
Whom the clarion rouses no more.

Who smil'd when the war trump was heard long
and loud,

And by victory often was crown'd,
Who made armies tremble and flee, while the cloud
Black with battle-smoke, thunder'd around !

But the full tide of victory at length pass'd him by,
Reversed were the waves that then roll'd,
Crush'd on the cold ground his fam'd laurels now lie;
With the vanquish'd his name we behold !

Where the waves beat high, and the sea-bird's song
Is heard with the rush of the winds,
As they waft his death dirge by the waters along,
And the brave of his fate oft reminds.

His remains rest in peace, while the glistening tear
Down the soldier's cheeks oft seen to flow,
As a sigh from the breast of some follower dear
Oft bursts for the sleeper below !

THE EAGLE'S HOME.

There is a rock, a beetling rock,
Where an eagle builds its nest;
It stands by the sea, and it bears the shock
Of ocean's heaving breast;
And the eagle's scream is oft heard to mock
The waves, when by winds carest.

And many an eaglet's took its flight
From that rock, o'er the world to rove;
The winds of heaven them never fright,
Nor the thunder-bolts of Jove,
Tho' they're sent from clouds that enshroud, like
night,
The thunderer's throne above.

They often sing, and they're heard afar
By the lion in his lair;
They sing of peace, and they sing of war,
On stormy days and fair.
They're waxing strong, and 'tis freedom's star
That guides their course thro' air.

BURNS.

Eleven summers scarce had spread
 Their flowers to deck my path below,
 Ere I by Scotia's bard was led
 At Poesy's bright shrine to bow.

'Twas Burns that bade me first prepare
 The meteor wreath of song to weave,
 And true, 'twas wove with ev'ry care
 That such a youthful wreath could have.

I pull'd from ev'ry wild a flow'r
 Of sweetest scent and richest hue,
 That e'er was ope'd by summer shower,
 Or e'er was bath'd in fancy's dew.

I borrow'd of the songster's note
 A melody sent from above,
 And, as the warbler tun'd his throat,
 I finish'd the first wreath I wove.

'Twas measur'd by the rule and line,
 And ne'er again shall I bestow
 Such care upon a wreath of mine;
 And then I bound it round my brow.

I've worn it long, unseen, unknown;
Yes, true, that meteor wreath I've wore
Long, long; unto the muse's throne
I've bow'd, and shall, till I'm no more.

It was the wild and warbling song
Of Burns, that first inspired my lay,
And bade me try the paths among
The flow'ry wilds of Poesy.

With rapture oft my soul is fraught,
As o'er the poet's lays I pore;
Again, lost pleasures home are brought,
With all the charms they had before.

For, in those days, how oft I've sung
The "Banks and Braes of *Bonny Doon*!"
How oft *Accushnet's* banks have rung
With echoes to that charming tune!

And "Scots wha ha'e with Wallace bled,"
What patriot bosom but must warm
With ardor for the chief, who led
The valiant through the battle storm?

And sweetest of auld Scotia's lays,
The days of "*Auld Lang Syne*" how dear!
What one withholds the voice of praise,
Whene'er its sweetness greets the ear?

Oh, never shall I e'er forget,
The hour, when first I heard that strain;
It lingers on my mem'ry yet,
And former joys have come again!

And thou, fair star, whose less'ning ray
Hangs trembling in its native sphere,
And seems to light the lonely way
Of many an earthly wanderer here,

How many years since first we met!
And still it wears the same sweet smiles,
As when first on this soul it set,
To point out nature's mazy aisles.

I've fancied oft I've heard the song,
The same the tuneful mavis sung,
Borne by the gentle breeze along,
As echo through the woodlands rung.

While on the fragrant dewy green,
The pearl-drops glit'ring bright the while,
Light zephyr brush'd, on wings unseen,
The flow'ry "*Braes of Ballochmyle*."

Spirit of Scotland's sweetest bard!
How firmly round my soul you twine!
If love of mortal can reward,
You have it from this heart of mine.

I will not now attempt to tell

Each beauty of your wood-notes wild;

But this I know, I love them well,

Yes, full as well as when a child.

As well as when you first inspir'd

My youthful mind with love of song,

And, by your bright example fir'd,

I roved the flowery maze among.

As well, as when I first entwin'd

The muse's wreath, of wild flowers made

And on my youthful brow did bind

That wreath, and nurs'd it in the shade.

'Twas nature bade your strains to flow;

Your native genius all must own;

And let, o'er all your frailties now,

The veil of charity be thrown.

She claim'd you, as her darling child;

To all her charms you e'er was true.

'Twas in her sweet haunts so wild,

The muses found a home for you.

Yes, Bard of Ayr! to you I owe

My first flower from those haunts divine;

And can I but an offering throw,

Tho' humble be the gift of mine.

M O R N I N G .

Aurora's blushes now are rosy red,
 The mist disperses as she joyful comes,
 The dewy ground with opening flow'rs is spread,
 The wild-wood warblers leave their leafy homes,
 And see! bright rising from his ocean bed,
 The day-god hasting, while the dancing hours
 Move merry onward, by his glory led,
 Around their daily pathway, strewn with flowers,
 While music swells aloud in grove and woodland
 bowers !

Yes! every songster tunes his note to love,
 While dew-drops sparkle on each flow'ring thorn,
 And o'er the hills the fleecy flocks now rove,
 And seem to welcome forth the rosy morn.
 Nature rejoices, hill, and dale and grove,
 With many an echo, fair Aurora greet,
 While to the field the lowing herd is drove,
 There, 'mong fresh verdure and the wild-flowers
 sweet,
 They spend the livelong day and nought but pleasure meet.

I'll out upon the hills, for who would stay
At home, when nature's voice says loudly,
"come!"

And, as the merry hours dance on their way,
O'er hill and dale alike I'll freely roam,
And leave awhile my wood-embower'd home,
To taste the fragrant air, while o'er my head
Clouds, piled on clouds, white as the ocean's foam,
Move on majestic, with their wings outspread
Wide o'er our lower world, by their great Ma-
ker led.

The little mill by yonder riv'let's side
In murmurs hoarse begins its daily round;
While o'er the surface of the silver tide
A snow-white duck with her young brood is
found,

And, tho' so early, where the rills divide,
Are voices heard in happy childhood's glee.
They've caught the lily in its snowy pride,
And it is bound on brows from sorrow free,
For innocence is theirs, and happy they must be.

From yonder cottage on the mountain's brow
The smoke arises, curling through the air,
In wreath fantastic,—while the plains below
Resound with songs from hearts, quite free from
care.

Light as the morning lark they onward go,
Gay as the deer that bounds along the plains;
And, as their voices through the clear air flow,
They're joined by many a bird of tuneful strain;
And hill and dale awake with melody again!

Who, that on downy bed of ease now lies,
Dreaming this glorious morn in sleep away,
Would not, enraptured, from his couch arise,
And join his song with nature's carols gay?
O, could the dream-goddess, as she onward flies,
But paint this scene in all its glory drest,
And bring before his clos'd and slumbering eyes
Closed by late hours and giddy cares opprest,
Could she but paint this morn deck'd out in
nature's best!

Rise, sleeper, rise! before the honey'd dew
Has left the earth. Arise and taste the morn.
The bright eye'd sun is now seen peeping through
The fissure of yon cliff, so broke and torn
By the great power unseen, from whence just flew
Columbia's cherish'd bird. Nothing forlorn
Can here be found.—Arise! come, sleeper now,
And taste sweet nature's nectar, zephyr-borne,
Before from earth away night's glittering gems
are torn.

Upon a broken bank, with eye intent
Upon his little bark, a boy is seen;
His eye is fix'd; the little sail is bent
To where the riv'let winds its way between
Two tow'ring elms,—a harbor there 'twill make;
And 'neath the boughs, that wave so bright and
green,
The happy owner of the ship will take
His blithsome way, and oft he there hath been
The profits of his voyage with joyful step to
glean.

Close by his side his dog, with wishful eye,
Watches the little bark, but dares not go,
His master eyes him with a look so sly;
But he's inclin'd into the waves below
To plunge, if he but dare to.—Should he try
The wish'd-for leap, the ship would sail no more.
Let her alone, yes, let her onward fly;
A few short moments she will reach the shore:
Ev'n now she's reach'd the bank; her little
voyage is o'er.

The hours are hasting on their merry round;
The day-god's chariot fast ascends the sky;
The gems of night can now be scarcely found;
The morning's freshness is in haste to hie.

Flowers quite unnumber'd strew the verdant ground,
And many more adorn the leafy shade,
While childhood's step is lightly heard to bound
On the hill side, and now upon the glade.
'Tis the same group we met that with the lilies
play'd.

In merry mood their steps they onward bend
To where yon oak spreads out its giant arms;
Beneath its shelter they awhile intend
To spend a few light moments in the charms
Of some sweet rustic sport,—and then to wend
Their way to school.—But, hark! the bell doth
sound!
They must no longer stay.—Come, haste and lend
Them fairy speed.—Now 'neath the roof they're
found,
And their bright laughing eyes beam joy on all
around.

Oh, happy childhood, happy are your hours!
Could but your noon be happy, as your morn;
Could you but find your way e'er strewn with
flowers
That ever flourish without e'er a thorn;
But, oh! there must be clouds and gloomy showers.

But, ha! ne'er mind it; they are beauteous now;
Cull them, and cherish them, and, when night lowers,
May you be ready earth joys far to throw,
And at your maker's throne with thankful hearts
to bow.

A SKETCH.

The king of terrors sometimes visits earth,
 And wears an angel's smile ;—is beautiful.
 In beauty visits earth, when he comes forth,
 And lightly sets his seal upon the brow
 Of some sweet smiling cherub, much too pure
 For this our lower world, and claims him his,
 Gives him an angel's wings, and points to Heaven.

It was a summer's morn, the budding flowers
 Had open'd into bloom, as on them smil'd
 The glorious god of day ;—the violet peep'd
 From out its lowly bed, the daisy's eye
 Look'd smiling round on all it chanc'd to meet,
 And many a tuneful bird pour'd forth its song,
 And call'd me out to taste the fragrant air.
 As, chance directed o'er the lawn I went,
 Sought the low meadow where the iris blooms,
 Cross'd the broad plain and o'er the cedar hill ;
 Some guiding spirit led me on unseen,
 That morn so bright and fair ; for soon I found
 Myself beside the widow's humble home,
 Where oft, full oft, I'd held communings sweet
 With one, a kindred mind.

Almost unknowingly
I reach'd the cottage door and raised the latch
Beneath the ivy'd porch, almost unconscious
Of my being there;—and soon the tale,
The oft told tale, was whispered in my ear,
That death again had sped his fatal dart,
Again had visited that sweet abode,
Where love and hope once dwelt.

That he again,
Amid the watches of the silent night,
Had cross'd the threshold of that door
And set his signet seal;—had triumphed there.
With faltering step I sought the chamber, where
Full oft I'd been before, and press'd my hand
Upon the clay-cold brow.

Death had come
And triumph'd there 'twas true, but not in terror.
Upon its little couch, a smile yet playing
Around the cherub lips, as if in slumber
Lock'd, lay one of that bright band whom, voice
Divine to sinful man pronounc'd—"that of such
Is the kingdom of Heaven."

Within its
Little hand, cross'd o'er its breast, an opening

Rose-bud lay, sweet emblem of itself and of
Its doom, to bloom not here in this dark world
below.

And 'twas the last, the last sweet babe of her I
loved,

As sisters seldom love each other here.

And she was one who like myself had seen,

Ah, seen the earth close over those most dear;

Had oft been call'd to mourn o'er earth hopes lost.

It was the last, the only one I said;

It was her all. By her babe's side she sat,

And, the bitter tear would course its way

Adown her cheek. She murmur'd not,

For she had plac'd her treasures where

They were safe anchor'd, safe from those dark seas,

That sweep tempestuous round life's feeble bark.

But still the tearful eye and heaving breast

Bespoke the mother; and why should it not,

For 'twas the last of all, the last of five

Sweet little ones that once smiled on her knee?

And him, her young heart's chosen, he too slept

Beneath the grassy turf, beside his babes.

But again where were death's terrors now?

And, that sweet little bud he had just nipt,

Where was it now? 'twas kindly taken far,

Far from the storms of life, before the chilly storms

Of life's dark ocean rag'd, before it e'er
Had seen the bonds of Friendship sever'd,
Before the world had spread for it its snares,
Before its beauteous brow had felt the touch,
The iron touch of care; before it e'er
Had bow'd to wordly idols, it was taken,
Was kindly taken, its little life exhal'd,
Like the bright dews of morn, when the sun's eye,
Smiling, looks on it from his throne on high.
Death had come in summer's roseate morn,
And tenderly had clasp'd it to his arms.
Not as he sometimes comes, and rudely tears
The lovely blossom from its parent stem.
I could but ask the sorrowing mother
Then, if she could call the little sleeper back?
Could break his angel slumber if she might?
I could but say rejoice, mother, rejoice,
That thy own rose-bud bloom'd not for this world,
That it was gath'ed by the hand of love,
That death so soon set his own seal upon it,
Claim'd it his,—transplanted it to worlds
Of endless joy, to bloom eternal in
The bowers of heaven.

THE SHRINE.

There is a shrine at which I've bow'd from earliest
youth till now,

'Twas in my happy childhood's days I learnt that
shrine to know.

In childhood's purity it was my soul first bent the
knee

At that bright shrine, and dreamt of joys—of im-
mortality.

I dreamt, as then I stood entranc'd, of brighter
worlds than this,

Of worlds where spirits, free'd from clay, drink at
the fount of bliss ;

Where love's light bonds are never broke nor e'er
the bitter tear

Rolls down the pallid care-worn cheek for disap-
pointments here.

And daily now I bow me there to that all hallow'd
shrine ;

It has an everlasting claim upon this heart of mine.

It is not in the city's mart, nor in the crowded hall,
Where Fashion's standard waves on high and most
obey her call ;

For Fashion's hollow heartless shrine did never see
me bow

Beneath her footstool; for this soul could never
bend so low.

Nor is it where the God of Wealth points to his
heaps of gold;

No! for the shrine at which I bow was never
bought nor sold.

Not all the treasures that are hid beneath the earth
or sea

Can purchase that all hallow'd shrine, so clearly
ope'd to me.

Nor is it 'neath the vaulted roof of yonder lofty
dome,

That my soul finds the beacon bright that guides
the spirit home;

No! for the shrine at which I bow was never
made by man,

Was never fashion'd 'neath his eye nor form'd be-
neath his plan.

When evening's pensive twilight comes, with slumber
on her wings,

I ofttimes feel an influence deep, that untold rapture
brings.

That is the hour to me by far the holiest of them
all,

When nature sinks to calm repose and night's grey
shadows fall,

And veil a thoughtless giddy world beneath night's
dusky veil.

That is the hour my soul oft soars its chosen
shrine to hail.

'Tis then for me, altho' alone to common eyes I
seem,

(You smile—perhaps you even say, 'tis but the
poet's dream,)

My shrine is ope'd, is wide outspread, and my
impassion'd soul

Unchain'd, unfetter'd, soars away, where endless
pleasures roll.

Perhaps imagination wends to some far mountain's
brow,

Where storm-scath'd pines have dar'd alone for ages
past to grow,

From whence the cataract sends its foaming, tumb-
ling torrents down,

Proclaiming that my shrine is there, the only one
I own.

And as its thunders rend the air they tell the old
tale o'er

That there't has stood since time began, and will
till time's no more.

Perhaps on the same gentle wings to other scenes
I stray,

And find my shrine, where mountain waves with
the grim storm God play,

And, as they proudly rise and fall, ten thousand
echoes tell

The same wild chorus o'er and o'er that there my
shrine doth dwell,

That there 'tis found, safe anchor'd there, in sunshine
and in storm,

When the blue seas are lull'd to rest and when
the winds deform.

I frequent seek and find my shrine, when wandering
out alone,

When nought but nature's handy work is 'fore my
vision thrown,

When nought but nature's voice is heard soft whis-
pering in the grove,

Or rushing on the wind's broad wings from shadow-
ing clouds above.

'Tis then before my shrine I bow, yes, lowly, lowly
bow,

As the great God that form'd it out tells of his
power below.

When merry spring puts on her robe of budding
leaves and flowers,

And calls the little birds to sing within their shady
bowers,

When summer with her matron smiles light dances
o'er the plain,

Or glides along the waving fields of yellow ripening
grain,

When autumn comes in russet brown with wreaths
of plenty crown'd,

When winter with his frosty beard walks slowly
o'er the ground,

I bow to them for they adorn that shrine not made
with hands,

At which I worship, for I have the firmest of
commands.

And yon broad arch above my head, encompassing
the earth,

Yon azure vaults of ether deep, where countless
worlds have birth,

The starry myriads, that there shine in endless
glory bright,

Spreading their radiance kindly o'er the dusky brow
of night,

They all belong unto that shrine; so boundless it
is made,

I look, I find it ev'ry where, in its own garb
array'd.

'Twas nature's God that fashion'd it, and spread
o'er it the sky,
All gloriously shrouding it with her own canopy ;
'Twas nature's God commanded me to seek alone
that shrine,
Saying, " there worship, and there lay that world
sick soul of thine.
There 'twill be safe, and only there—there it will
rest secure,
'Till the last trump shall call it home, where un-
told joys endure."
'Tis only found where nature reigns in her own
bright abode ;
'Tis there I go to seek my shrine, the shrine of
nature's God.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

Slow sinks the fair moon in her green ocean bed,
 And the stars twinkle bright as she falls in the
 sea ;

The old mossy oak proudly over my head
 Waves its arms a protection and shelter for me.

I have sought out this spot at this late hour of night
 To gaze on the works of that Almighty power,
 Who made yonder heaven-gems sparkle so bright,
 And guides them in glory's course onward this
 hour.

The bright Borealis illumines the north,
 Its wildfires ascend to the zenith on high
 And calls from his fireside the star-gazer forth,
 To gaze with delight on the flame-girdled sky.

Great is thy majesty, Ruler in Heaven !
 We can but adore thee and shrink in amaze
 Oh ! let us appreciate what thou hast given,
 Thou Almighty power on whose wonders we gaze.

THERE'S BEAUTY IN THE HEAVENS.

There's beauty in the Heavens,
 When the lightning's vivid glare
 Sends its wild terror through the sky,
 And dies upon the air ;

When o'er our heads is seen to hang
 The dark and threat'ning cloud,
 When full and deep reverberates
 The rolling thunders loud.

There's beauty in the Heavens,
 When not one cloud is seen
 To wing its way through yon broad arch ;
 But all is calm,—serene !

And when the sky is seen so clear,
 So beautiful, so bright,
 Our thoughts should wing their way to Heaven,
 On wings of pure delight.

There's beauty on the Earth,
 When the laughing bright-ey'd Spring
 Spreads wild-flowers o'er the dewy ground,
 And songsters, on the wing,

Sing in the air, or tune their songs
Amid the rustling trees;
When nature puts her green robe on,
And smiles on all she sees.

There's beauty on the Earth,
When the cooling Summer showers
Freely descend, and o'er the ground
The liquid treasure pours;

When the parch'd fields receive the gift,
And soon around are seen
The late scorch'd plains, in richest robes
Of nature's brightest green.

There's beauty on the Earth,
When the yellow Autumn yields
Her richest fruits, and waving bright
Are seen the spreading fields;

When the reaper, sickle in his hand,
Is seen at early morn;
And in the later Autumn months
Is heard the hunter's horn.

There's beauty on the Earth,
When the white frost o'er the ground

Creeps still and slowly, as he spreads
His glitt'ring pearls around.

When the feath'ry snow is seen to fly
Fast through the chilly air,
There's beauty in the Wint'ry storms,—
There's truly beauty there.

There's beauty on the Deep,
When the heaving billows roar,
And lash, in anger, as they swell,
New-England's rocky shore.

There's beauty when the waves are hush'd,
And all is calm, serene,
When the white-wing'd bark, in majesty,
Rides o'er her bed of green.

There's beauty ever round us,
In Heaven, on Earth, and Sea :
'Tis Nature's beauty ever charms,—
Her charms, reality !

For there's the hand Omnipotent,
We know that mighty arm
Is outstretch'd wide, is o'er us thrown,
And shields us from all harm.

SPRING'S FIRST MARTIN.

Welcome, thou little harbinger
Of bright and blooming Spring,
The ever faithful messenger
Of pleasures on the wing.
Skim o'er the plains, that soon will be
Array'd in robes of green,
Where lambs around their dams in play
Will sportingly be seen.

And make the welkin ring with joy,
That happy days have come,
That win'try storms did not destroy
Thy little airy home;
That leaves and flowers will soon around
That little home be hung,
And others spring from out the ground,
For bees to sport among.

And soon beside thy little mate
Thou'lt sing within thy bower,
And all thy little joys relate,
To charm the passing hour;

And soon within that shelter'd home,
A youthful brood will rise,
And, when another Spring shall come,
Their songs will cheer the skies.

THERE IS A GOD.

There is a God! was Heav'ns triumphant song;
There is a God! was echo'd through the sky;
 The thunder spake it, as it roll'd along
 Through black-wreath'd clouds, that veil'd the
 sun on high.

"There is a God!" the mountain echoes said;
"We feel his presence shadowing us now o'er."
 The open vale, the leaf-embower'd shade,
 In whispers say,—*"there is, and we adore!"*

"There is a God!" the angry waves that roll
 Say to the ocean, as they foam and swell.
"There is a God!" they sing from pole to pole,
 And the wild winds the same loud anthem tell.

"There is a God!" all nature loudly says;
 The wild birds tell it, as they sing their loves;
 The Lion roars it, as he proudly strays
 O'er Afric's sands, or through the shady groves.

The scaly fry, that leap from out the flood,
 In unheard whispers on their Maker call;

All, every one among the finny brood,
The great whale says, that God reigns Lord of all.

There is a God that rules ; vain mortal man,
Bow, lowly bow, all nature says 'tis so.
This fair creation is his mighty plan ;
Earth is his footstool ; mortal man, bow low.

THE POLANDER'S FAREWELL.

Adieu! no more your soil I tread;

My native land, adieu!

The vessel waits, the sail is spread,

The waves must lull this aching head,

While many a bitter tear I shed,

My native land, for you.

Beneath the rod I hear you groan,

I see you lowly bow,

I see the chains around you thrown,

You tremble 'neath the tyrant's frown,

And that lov'd land I call'd my own,

My home it is not now!

Land of my birth, my native land,

Your struggle is in vain,

The foes to Freedom round you stand,

Oppression o'er you waves her wand,

The iron scourge is in her hand,

She rivets firm your chain.

Adieu to Poland's shores, adieu,

An exile I must rove;

No hope, tho' in the distant view
Dart glim'ring rays my bosom through,
No ray of light I see for you,
Land of my birth and love.

I can but on your sufferings dwell,
I can but grieve and sigh,
Your wrongs, your woes no tongue can tell,
Your galling chains are fasten'd well,
While Russia's bird, with talons fell,
Rejoices, as you die.

Yes, Russia's Eagle sings aloud,
'Tis your death-song he sings,
He winds around you close your shroud,
Made of the thundering battle cloud,
While your death-groan is heard aloud,
And o'er the wide world rings.

STANZAS.

To sit, at evening's pensive hour,
 Where gentle waving trees
 Hold converse, when the night shades lower
 With ev'ry passing breeze,
 To linger by some murm'ring brook,
 Slow winding through the vale,
 And read in nature's mystic book
 Her never tiring tale;

To wander o'er the lawn at eve,
 Just as the setting sun
 Of this, our world, is taking leave,
 His daily errand done,
 To tread the peb'ly beach and hear
 Accushnet's waves tell true,
 How oft the forest warrior there
 Has launch'd his light canoe;

And how full oft within its tide
 The dark-ey'd, dusky maid
 Destin'd to be the warrior's bride,
 Her graceful form hath laid:

Such musing scenes are far more dear
To me, than crowded hall,
For they my lov'd companions are;
They have my heart—my all.

S T A N Z A S.

Tell me not of warmer breezes,
 Fanning a more genial clime,
 Where the streamlet never freezes,
 Where the orange blooms, and lime.
 Tell me not of myrtle bowers,
 Sheltering many a noontide dream,
 Tell me not of fairer flowers,
 Ever blooming by the stream.

Tell me not that frost gems never
 Sparkle 'mid those skies so fair,
 That the Seasons roll forever
 On bright rosy pinions there.
 Skies there can't be, that are clearer,
 Than those hanging o'er my head ;
 Flowers there can't be, that are dearer,
 Than those in the path I tread.

I don't wish for flow'rs blooming
 Fresh in beauty all the year,
 Every zephyr's breath perfuming,
 As they brush the skies so clear.

No, that clime so fair is blasted;
There the foulest vapors fly,
And the cup the slave has tasted,
Ever there is standing by.

D E C E M B E R .

December's come with snow and hail
Driving o'er the plain,
Hear him, as the wild winds wail,
Boasting of his reign:
Hear him tell his chilling tale
O'er and o'er again.

Icy gems are glit'ring round him,
Snowy is his hair;
Why could not have Autumn bound him,
In his cavern lair?
There November's last day found him,
Shiv'ring, shaking there.

Let the cheerful fire burn bright,
On the Winter hearth,
Lest his grizzly locks should fright
Innocence and mirth;
Both are gather'd here to-night;
Angels form their birth.

Rule, December, rule with reason,
Throw one smile around;

January's plotting treason,
In your track he's found ;
When you've reign'd your given season,
You must leave the ground.

Deign your anger just to smother,
Till your reign is done ;
Deign to smile upon your brother,
Your own father's son,
Offspring of another mother,
Winter's second one.

THE INVITATION.

The sun is up, the sky is clear,
And wild-flowers bloom in every dell;
Don't let us longer linger here;
But seek the haunts we love so well.

The swallow lightly skims the green,
The blackbird warbles high in air,
And o'er the mountain top is seen
The eagle proudly soaring there.

The sun is smiling on the mead,
The bees are sporting flowers among,
And ev'ry blade of grass I tread,
With jewels from the stars is hung.

The very echoes of the wood
Are calling us, and let's away;
And, where the old mill long hath stood,
We'll hear the falling waters play.

Come, Mary, come, and o'er the lawn,
And taste the morning air of June;
The sky-lark ever since the dawn,
Has call'd us with his sweetest tune.

ECHO.

Maid of the wilderness, heard, but not seen,
 Living so lonely, where eye ne'er hath been,
 Dweller of cavern, of mountain, and wild,
 Say,—are you not truly solitude's child?

Echo.—Solitude's child?

And well do we know it,—but now tell to me,
 In what fairy land your sweet face I may see;
 Or say, shall you hide from my vision forever?
 If so, will you say so?—if not, say no never.

Echo.—No never.

Then hope, it is over, perhaps 'tis as well;
 But I know very near where you frequently dwell;
 Sometimes on yon mountain cliff your home has
 been,

And sometimes we hear you in yonder deep glen.

Echo.—In yonder deep glen.

Sometimes you are here, and sometimes you are
 there,

And sometimes we call you, and hear you nowhere;

And sometimes you follow wherever we go;
Why 'tis you behave so I'm sure I don't know.

Echo.—I'm sure I don't know.

'Tis true, I believe you; 'tis just as I think;
But you're now passing leisurely close to the brink
Of yon frightful precipice!—sure, you don't know
The danger you're in half so well as I do.

Echo.—I do.

You follow the hunter at break of the morn;
Your assistance is great to the deep winding horn;
And the dogs should be grateful, for who is't but you,
That bellows, as long and as loud, as they do?

Echo.—As they do?

You are of great consequence; now tell me why
'Tis you make so much noise? you will surely
reply.

For if you exist on't we plainly can see,
That the noise is not all for amusement and glee.

Echo.—Amusement and glee.

Maid of the wilderness, altho' so shy,
I ever shall love you, but cannot tell why;
And now I must leave you, and homeward must
wend;

But I'll give you my promise, I'll e'er be your
friend.

Echo.—I'll e'er be your friend.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Did you come from the land of the fairy sprite
 On the gossamer wings of the morn?
 Where do you rest when the stars shine bright?
 Do you rest in the flowery thorn?

Little girl I was never in fairy land;
 I live in the green-wood tree;
 My home it is where the tall oaks stand,
 And my little nest there you may see.

But long you may look, and never may find
 My soft little leaf-shelter'd nest;
 'Tis covered with moss and with down it is lin'd,
 And my little ones safely there rest.

You may look long in vain for my hiding place,
 'Tis hard for the most searching eye
 Of my little moss nest to find e'en one trace,
 Altho' you may be very nigh.

On my emerald wings I this morn away flew
 To steal from your fairest flowers;

I got my fill of the sweet honey dew,
Then I hastened back to my bowers.

I have two little birds in my snug little home,
And I feed them with honey so sweet,
That I steal from your flowers, when thither I roam,
And leave my embower'd retreat.

But I know that I'm welcome, you'd never refuse
The honey I find in your flowers;
So there I shall wander, whenever I choose,
At morn, eve, or noon's sunny hours.

THE MUSIC I LOVE.

“And surely you must be of music a lover.”

I'm frequently ask'd so; yes, music I love.
But not what the amateur calls music, over
The world; but the melody sent from above.

I love, when I rise in a bright summer morning,
To hear 'mong my flowers the hum of the bee.
There's many, I know, that my taste will be scorn-
ing;

But surely 'tis music the sweetest to me.

The wood warbler wild, in the mossy oak singing,
Is sweeter by far to my untutor'd ear,
Than the trills, that the winds are from Italy
bringing,

To charm the more tasteful with melody here.

I love the wild breeze, when 'tis heard in the
bowers,

Or heard softly tuning its notes in the grove,
Or whispering zephyr caressing the flowers:

Oh! that is the music that dearly I love.

The wavelet, propelled by the wind gently blowing,
And meeting the surf on the pebbly shore,
Is music to me; so is ocean's waves flowing,
And breaking their surges the rocky cliff o'er.

Of the music of nature I'm ever a lover;
I'm charm'd with her voice upon land, or on sea;
Even, when she is heard in the threat'ning cloud
over
My head, she is sweet, for her lover I be.

The Harp that I own wakes to no hand but na-
ture;

The sweet Harp of Germany never affords
Such music to my ear, as when my Creator
Directs the wild winds o'er Æolian chords.

Sing on, my own Harp! be unchained as the
river!

Be free, when you sing, as the breeze borne
along,

And striking your wild notes, and never, no never
Don't barter those notes for the manacled song.

MAY DAY.

'Tis May Day, O, 'tis May Day,
And the flowers they do not bloom;
'Tis cold and wet and dreary;
The clouds are hung in gloom!

I was thinking, when came May Day,
As it came but once a year,
That the birds they would be singing,
And that Flora would be here.

But, 'tis old England's May Day,
Of which the poets sing,
Adorn'd with flow'ry garlands,
The sweetest day in Spring.

It never was our May Day,
With clouds and darkness hung,
The chilly wind's wild whistling
The budding flowers among.

Oh, for old England's May Day,
When I could cull the flow'rs,

And listen to the nightingale
At eve among the bowers.

They tell us, there, on May Day,
That daisies strew the plain;
But here, upon New-England's shore,
Fast falls the sleet and rain.

'Tis said that there, on May Day,
Throughout the vales and groves,
Is heard the sweetest melody,
As wild birds sing their loves!

They tell the joys of May Day
To every breeze that blows,
And call upon the honey bee
To sip from ev'ry rose.

But here, altho' 'tis May Day,
I sit beside the fire,
And listen to the chilling wind,
That seems to never tire.

I'll never think of May Day,
As I have thought before;
For round my home the chill wind blows,
And frost creeps round my door.

THE GONDOLIER.

I'll dream awhile of Italy and its boundless azure
 skies,
Of Venice rising from the sea, lit up with a thou-
 sand dies ;
I'll dream I stand before her shrines, beneath her
 skies so clear,
And list awhile to the merry song of the happy
 Gondolier.

For who's not heard of Italy, the chosen land of
 song ?
Who has not in idea roved her classic shades
 among ?
And fancied, as I often do, when the heart is free
 from care,
That they heard the song, as it sweetly woke,
 of the merry *Gondolier* ?

I've oft been told of worlds of art, that grace that
 favor'd land,
That captivate the gazer's heart, when they before
 them stand ;
That the painter's and the sculptor's skill are seen
 in glory there,

While around them floats on the wings of wind
the song of the *Gondolier*.

I've often fancied that I stood there gazing on the
west,

And seen the sun's departing rays in rainbow glo-
ry drest,

And linger'd, as I gazed upon the purple sea so
fair,

While gently woke with the light guitar the voice
of the *Gondolier*.

Oh, Italy, oh, Italy, how is thy fame laid low !

With all the magic of high art around thee thou
didst bow,

With all thy charms of mimic skill, so beautiful
and rare,

Thou didst bow low ; but still thou hast thy own
gay *Gondolier*.

He's e'er the same, and sweet his song at morn-
ing, noon, and night ;

He sings as blithe and merry too, as the bird of
beauty bright ;

He's e'er the same, for his heart's not woke to
worldly woe or care ;

But merrily he glides along, Italia's *Gondolier*.

THE WATER KELPY.

“May it be the lot of me
 Ever to dwell in moonlit sea,
 Ever be it mine to dwell,
 Where the gentle ripples swell;
 For I love, when the moon rides high,
 Over and under the waves to fly.”

“O’er the land and sea I’m fam’d;
 I’m the *Water Kelpy* nam’d;
 Fam’d for my love of brook and lake,
 Lulling the waves, as they wildly break,
 Guarding them, as they roll along,
 Singing them my sweetest song.”

“Why, O, why should the maiden fear
 At eve my sweetest song to hear?
 Why, O, why should the simple swain
 Hasten so quickly over the plain,
 When my sweetest song I sing,
 And ruffle the deep in a fairy ring?”

Thus the Water Kelpy sung,
Sporting the moonlit waves among,
Bathing her form in the moon's pale rays,
As round her the trout or the salmon plays.
Sweet she sung, and a simple boy
Heard her song, and he danced with joy!

Simple boy, beware! beware!
For you now there's laid a snare;
Hie away far from the stream,
Don't of the moonlight music dream;
Hie away to yonder cot,
Don't let Mary be forgot.

Simple boy, 'twas but next eve
He of his Mary took his leave;
For the song again he heard,
Join'd by the note of the night-shade bird.
'Twas like music sent from above,
Softly struck by the hand of love!

Wilful boy, away! away!
Tarry not by the lake side, pray,
Oft you've heard of the *Kelpy* sprite,
Laying her lure on a moonlit night;
Hie to the cot by the side of the hill,
Mary waits her lover still.

The *Kelpy* sings her sweetest strain,
 And charms the heart of the simple swain;
 Nearer and nearer now to the brink!
 Now the sands begin to sink!
 Down he goes, his fate is past!
 He is hers; she has lock'd him fast!

Mary waits her lover still.
 He to the cot by the side of the hill
 Laying her late on a moonlit night;
 On you've heard of the *Kelpy* quite,
 Tarry not by the lake side, pray,
 Will'd boy, away! away!

TO MY GREYHOUND, SWEEP.

From Italy, sweet Italy, the cradle-home of song,
'Twas in that bright and sunny clime that once
you did belong.

Italia was your birth-place, to England you was
bound,

But some kind spirit chang'd your course, my
beautiful *Greyhound*.

You're truly form'd in beauty's mould; how spark-
ling is your eye!

What form could be more beautiful, as o'er the
plains you fly!

Your glossy, fine and jetty coat, how beautiful to
see!

And your truly noble bearing proclaims your high
degree.

Your step is lighter than the doe, when bounding
o'er the plain;

Now you are almost out of sight, now you are
here again;

The swallow now attracts your eye, again you're
 out of sight;
 I'm sure you almost equal it in your terrestrial
 flight.

How different would have been your life had you
 reach'd England's shore,
 And with the freedom of the wind ranged the
 wild wood-lands o'er?

Rous'd by the merry huntsman's horn, how gaily
 from the hills

You'd brush'd the bright and glit'ring dew, that
 Autumn's night distils?

But tho' far different the life, that you now lead
 with me,

I doubt, if happier you'd have been on England's
 flow'ry lea;

Altho' you do not taste the air so early in the
 morn,

Altho' you're not so gaily rous'd by merry hunts-
 man's horn,

You think you are my favorite, and it is even
 true;

My guardian spirit sent you here; a friend I'll
 be to you.

While I've a home, you'll e'er have one, and have
my kindest care ;

You are my sole companion, and my favorite
you are.

And happy too, I know you are, to find with me
a home,

It was to live with me alone, that o'er the seas
you come.

You love me well, I know you do ; your love I
plainly spy ;

I see it in your full black, bright and intellectual
eye.

Sweep o'er the plains, my darling *Sweep* ;—Sweep
o'er the dewy lawn ;

Your step is far more graceful, than the lightest
forest fawn ;

Now with the fleetness of the wind you're hast-
ing back again ;

How truly beautiful you are, as you sweep o'er
the plain !

BOAT SONG.

We're now where sea-maids sweetly sing
And comb their waving, golden hair;
The ocean caves beneath us ring,
As their wild music floats in air.
We're gliding o'er the briny deep;
The waters scarcely seem to flow,
And, as the wavelets wake from sleep,
Fair Cynthia bends her silver bow.

The stars hang twinkling in their spheres,
The moonbeams gild the waters bright,
While gently falls night's dewy tears,
And mingles with the liquid light.
Row, boatman, row, the dipping oar
Scarce breaks among the waves below;
Haste! let us reach our native shore,
While Cynthia bends her silver bow.

The island rock, the lighthouse tower,
Bright beacons to the sailor brave;
We hail them all, this happy hour,
And farewell soon the briny wave.

And farewell too our trusty bark ;
No more upon the waves we go ;
In yonder grove our home we mark,
Lit bright by Cynthia's silver bow.

THE GIFT.

Take, take it, for I give it thee;
'Tis all that thou wilt have from me;
'Tis all I have; it can't be sold;
It can't be bought with gems, or gold.
I give it thee, for thou to keep,
To guard, both waking and in sleep;
Take, take the gift, before we part;
Take, take it, 'tis a faithful heart.

No diamond do I to thee bring,
Bright glit'ring on the mystic ring;
No pearl, brought from the seamaid's cave,
Pure from its bed beneath the wave;
No flower, begem'd with dew's of night,
Sparkling beneath the moon's pale light;
No, Mary, no; but ere we part,
I give to thee a faithful heart.

I go to distant lands awhile,
And leave thy sweet endearing smile.
The sail is up, the breeze is fair,
I'll go, my love, where dangers are.

My country's banner's seen to fly
In bold relief against the sky.
I go, my Mary, ere we part,
Take, take an ever faithful heart.

TO ELIZABETH — —.

The world is bright before thee ! fair bride, its
flowers are thine ;

The world is bright before thee ! its pleasures round
thee twine ;

The world is bright before thee ! go taste the cup
of joy,

'Tis sparkling bright before thee, and seems with-
out alloy.

Drink deep, fair bride ! it brims for thee, and
may'st thou never know

The time when sorrow's clouds may hang their
shadows o'er thy brow.

The world is bright before thee ! and as I see
thee stand,

I call on Heaven to bless thee, and him at thy
right hand.

I pray that thou may'st ever a priceless jewel prove
To him who takes thee to his breast the chosen
of his love.

I can but see thee now, as when one fair Novem-
ber morn,

Ere my hope's fairest, brightest flower was from
my bosom torn,

Ere sorrow's clouds had spread for me their dark
and with'ring gloom,

And I stood then as thou dost now within the
bridal room.

I can but see thee now as then, a lovely little
child,

Fair as the opening eye of day, as summer's morn-
ing mild;

Free as the breeze that hovers round spring's bright-
est, fairest flowers,

And steals their honey'd sweets away to bear to
distant bowers :

I can but see thee now as then, that morning
when I gave

My hand and pledged my youthful vows to one
now in the grave ;

Don't wonder then that I am sad, that tears do
almost start,

For the gushing tide of memory comes rushing
o'er my heart.

I would not have thee breathe one sigh, I would
not have thee think

One moment of the bitter cup it has been mine
to drink,

Since that fair morn—but never, oh ! oh never
may it be

The lot of thine to taste the cup that fate pre-
sented me.

* * * * *

'Tis done!—Elizabeth, 'tis done!—thy vows are
pledged, are given,

Have reached the Eternal throne on high!—are
registered in Heaven!

A wife thou art!—may every joy a wife hath
ever known,

Be scattered freely o'er thy head and in thy
pathway thrown;

May every beauteous bud of Hope that promises
so fair,

Burst into bloom for thee and thine, beneath Hea-
ven's fostering care.

Go now, fair bride, and wear the wreath encircling
thee so bright,

We pray that sorrow never may its budding beau-
ties blight,

Go, leave us, tho' we love thee and fain would
have thee stay,

But sometimes cast a lingering thought on friends,
tho' far away,

They pray that God may bless thee, and when
time may come

That thou must leave thy earthly joys, that Angels
guide thee home.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

Come over the hills love and hasten to me,
Come over the mountains, the valley and lea ;
The winter has pass'd, and all over the mead
Are daisies and dew-drops and buttercups spread.

Altho' the green mountains between us are high,
Come over them Willie, on wings of love fly,
The spring-time has come, and the birds sweetly
sing,
And spread, oh, how happy, each little light wing.

Our orchard is blooming, its fragrance how sweet,
And many a flower decks our garden retreat ;
How happy would home be—but oh, it is so,
Some ill must have happen'd to Willie I know.

How long has the time been, how gloomy and
long ;

How long since my Willie has listened my song,
And our sweet little baby, how much it has
grown

Since miles quite unnumber'd between us were
thrown.

The spring-time has come and all nature is gay,
What is that keeps my dear Willie away ;
Oh did he but dream half my doubts and my fears,
I know he would come and kiss off the salt tears.

His wife and his baby I know he loved well ;
Some ill must have happen'd, must to him befall.
Hark ! somebody raps ! it is him, at the door ;
'Tis Willie, I know, and my trouble is o'er.

THE FISHERMAN'S WIDOW.

Yes, you can laugh, my little one,
And let your joy be known,
Altho' a father's tender care
Can ne'er be o'er you thrown.

Yes, you can laugh, can sweetly smile,
Tho' sorrow throws her darts
Around my little innocent,
And withers kindred hearts.

One year ago, my orphan boy,
One year ago this day,
Your father sunk to rise no more,
In yonder rolling bay.

It was on yonder sea-beat rock
His little bark was cast ;
Oh ! how the white foam through the air
Was hurried by the blast !

Two weeks before he left the shore,
A fisherman was he,
And as he left our cottage door,
He kiss'd both you and me.

A lovely babe within my arms,
Cradled in sleep you lay ;
He kiss'd you, as you smiling slept,
And hurried fast away.

Quickly he launch'd his little bark,
And raised the snowy sail,
He wav'd his hand, (Oh, God in Heaven !)
And I must tell the tale.

The winds they wafted him from sight,
Far, far across the sea ;
The white sail vanish'd, and no more
He came to you and me.

One early morn with joy I hail'd
The rising of the sun,
And ere its setting, hoped to find
The sailor's voyage done.

Altho' the sun arose so fair,
And not one cloud at morn
Was o'er the vaulted arch on high
By the light breezes borne ;

But, ere the noon, dark clouds were seen
To veil the sun on high,
And loud and deep the thunders roll'd
In echoes through the sky.

Far, far across the foaming sea,
Distant afar from land,
A sail was seen ; I sought the shore,
The spot where now we stand.

I left you in your cradle bed,
I left you there my child ;
But from that hour, my orphan boy,
Your mother never smiled.

The little bark across the waves
By the wild winds was driven,
And toward yon rock it made its way,
Beneath the frowns of Heaven.

'Twas on yon rock, yon sea-beat rock,
The little bark was borne ;
I saw it hurried, saw it cast ;
In fragments it was torn.

I saw, my boy, my orphan boy,
As lightnings lit the wave,
Your father sink, my child—my child,
Into his wat'ry grave !

And here, throughout the raging storm,
Upon this spot I stood,
Unmindful of the angry storm,
That swept the foaming flood.

And every day I've sought the shore,
Day after day I've come
To gaze upon the briny deep,
Your father's wat'ry home.

And even you, my darling boy,
Altho' your charms are bright,
Can never for one moment bring
One thought that can delight.

I see you, a poor orphan child,
Thrown on my feeble care
To feel the frowns of cruel fate,
Tempted by every snare.

And as your father's looks I trace
So plainly, when you smile,
I kiss your lips, and on your face
The tears fall fast the while.

And as I gaze upon your brow,
Where clustering ringlets wave,
It brings unto my sorrowing mind
Your father's briny grave.

And when I see that father's smile
Light up your bright, blue eyes,
I almost wish I had my home,
Where that dear father lies.

THE SUNSET GUN.

The evening sun sets fair,
The waves are hush'd and still,
No wind's breath whispers in the air,
No sound, save yonder rill.

And, as the crimson west,
Receives the sinking sun,
Slowly booms over ocean's breast
The thundering sunset gun.

From where yon flag on high
Twines round its firm support,
It tells in echoes to the sky
'Tis guardian of yon fort.

It tells to all around
The hour of labor's done ;
With joy is hail'd the welcome sound
That comes from yonder gun.

Where yonder walls arise
From out the sea green wave,
Where oft the starry banner flies,
And hearts both bold and brave ;

And, should their country call,
We'd find them link'd, as one,
And see them point from yonder wall
Columbia's thunder gun.

Firm as a rock they stand,
To guard their native shore,
A true and ever ready band,
Should danger on her lower.

But should their country's voice
With danger fraught e're come,
Those gallant ones would then rejoice
To point the thunder gun.

But long may dove-eyed Peace
Wave o'er our land her wings ;
Oh, may her blessings never cease
Mid war's dread sufferings.

May those brave ones that now
See their day's duty done,
Be never call'd war's trump to blow,
Or charge the thunder gun.

Long may sweet Peace remain,
In beauty bright and fair,
And never on the battle plain
Be seen in mourning there.

May the war-song, so loud,
So dreaded, when begun,
Ne'er add grim terror to the cloud
That rises from yon gun.

THE WISH.

Give me not the wreath of fame ;
'Twould burn upon my brow ;
But gather me a wild flower wreath
Cull'd where they freely grow.

'Twould better suit my taste by far,
I love them all so well,
Wild blooming in their native bowers,
By streamlet, or in dell.

Give me not the city's mart,
Its crowded streets and din ;
But lead me to sweet nature's haunts,
Far, far away from sin.

For purity is known to shun
The city's noisome air,
Her snowy vestments seldom find
A shelter for them there.

Nor give to me the wealth untold
Of fam'd Potosi's mines ;
For it would drown my heart with care,
Tho' it so brightly shines.

I ask not Fortune's golden smiles,
The heartless ones she gives ;
And worthless is the diadem
Her favorite child receives.

Give me not the lofty dome
With marble columns rear'd ;
But give to me a humble home,
By love and friendship cheer'd.

Beside some grove or ancient tree
Uprear my lowly walls,
And let all simple nature craves
Attend upon my calls.

Far from all worldly care and strife,
Far from the noisy town,
My home should be, my soul's own home,
The only one she'll own.

For oft she seeks the secret shade,
And revels in the grove ;
'Tis there my happy home should be,
Where pure winds ever rove.

There, free from every worldly care,
My life should glide away,
And the soft rills that murmur there
Should listen to my lay.

And every bird that haunts the grove,
And sings in every tree,
Should join me in my song of love,
Great Nature's God!—to Thee.

SONG.

I'll love thee, while the morning sun
In glory lights the eastern sky ;
And on his daily round doth run
In never ending majesty.

I'll love thee, while the holy light
Of night's pale Queen doth sweetly shine,
And cheering up the gloom of night,
Gives to the world her smiles divine.

I'll love thee, while the wild-flowers bloom
On mountain side or lowland lea,
Or dew-drops drink the rich perfume
That tempts the roving honey bee.

I'll love thee, while the gentle rill
Shall tremble 'neath the moonbeams ray,
And stealing slowly round the hill,
Shall wander on its winding way.

I'll love thee, while one tuneful note
Shall charm us from the greenwood choir,
Or the light breeze shall freely float,
That wakes my own Æolian Lyre.

My love is pure, 'tis endless love !
'Twill droop not tho' in death I lie,
For it was sent from Heaven above,
And my heart shrin'd the legacy.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE TREE.

A morning rose, just ope'd in bloom,
Hung on its parent tree,
A dew drop drank its rich perfume,
And wanton'd with a bee.

The bee hung playful round the flower,
And kiss'd its honey'd sweets,
Then rested in the roseate bower,
Within its cool retreats.

Within the bower a songster's nest
Was built with every care,
And in its shade the bee did rest
Its weary winglets there.

It humm'd its song in gladsome glee,
Nor thought of danger near,
Poor thoughtless, silly, wanton bee,
It never drempt of fear.

The mother bird! her lightning eye
Is fiercely fix'd on you;
Haste, let your little winglets fly,
And bid the bower adieu.

You've dallied long, too long from home,
Within the bowers of ease ;
Why did you ever, ever come
To seek the rose-thorn trees ?

For thorns there are amid the flowers,
Amid the honey'd dew,
And you may rue the morning hours,
When to their sweets you flew.

That bird so hidden out of sight ;
Beware ! oh bee,—beware !—
You're gone,—alas too late's your flight !
That Rose tree was your snare.

THE DEW DROP.

See yonder little glittering gem,
That trembles on the wild rose thorn;
Last night it left its home on high,
To give its lustre to the morn.
No diamond of the purest kind,
Ere gave to earth a ray more bright;
No gem on nature's diadem,
Ere spread a more resplendent light.

Don't touch it, 'tis an angel's gift,
And last night with the stars did roam;
'Twill soon be claim'd and borne away,
To shine in beauty in its home.
'Twill linger here a little while,
But for a little while 'tis given,
And then some zephyr passing by,
Will waft it to its native Heaven.

'Tis much too pure for this our world,
It trembles 'neath the gaze of day;
It can't endure the glare of noon,
'Tis now in haste to be away.

Go, little gem, go to thy home,
Go to thy native home in Heaven;
Rest on some brow of glory there,
To us but little while thou'rt given.

LINES WRITTEN ON PASSING
ASSAWAMSET POND.

How beautiful, how like some fairy dream,
The Assawamset's sun-lit waters seem;
They seem enchanted, and like mirror bright,
Reflect her woody banks in ev'ry light;
While o'er her bosom the wild wood-duck glides,
To seek its nest upon her bushy sides.
But oh! how chang'd the scene beside this lake,
How does the present hour my mem'ry wake?
For years ago, with one that's now no more,
We found a pathway round this winding shore;
And 'mid this woodland scene we linger'd long,
Cheer'd on our way by many a warbler's song.
It was near sunset, and the horizon west
In crimson glow'd, in radiant glory dress'd;
The God of Day his circle nigh run o'er,
Was just then leaving for another shore;
But seem'd to linger on his beaten way,
And lengthen'd out the last remains of day.
It is remember'd well,—the path I see,—
While fast comes rushing on my memory,
Each word, each look, as slowly on we stray'd,
Thro' the wild copse wood and the hazle shade;

That smile, that look, oh! 'tis remember'd well,
It casts around the scene a mournful spell;
'Tis graven deep, in characters that ne'er
Time can efface—my heart, 'tis graven here.

Hours pass'd away beside the silver flood,
And still we linger'd 'neath the shady wood;
With eyes oft bent on yonder islet gay,
That on the unruffled waters seems to lay,
Like infant sleeping on its mother's breast,
So calm, so peaceful, is its endless rest;
'Tis like the fairy isle, which poets sing,
Array'd forever in its robe of spring.
How beautiful 'tis seen this morning bright,
How graceful in its foliage green and light,
As plain reflected in the liquid green,
The lovely isle enchantingly is seen.
And high in air, the cedar boughs among,
The robin warbles forth his morning song;
Just so it was, the eve of which I tell,
Just so it was, the time's remember'd well,
'Tis well remember'd.—But yon ancient tree,
Say, can it be the same that I now see?
Where is the roof that once it shadow'd o'er,
That years had stood on Assawamset's shore,
Sheltered by those broad arms that wave on high,
Their graceful branches to the deep blue sky?

And where's the ancient hearth-stone that once laid
Beneath the roof once shelter'd by its shade,
That ancient roof in moss and lichens dress'd,
Where oft the house wren built its little nest,
And rear'd its young, and sung its song in glee,
High in those boughs at morn so merrily.
And where's the inmates of that ancient home!—
Some sleep in death, those left, ne'er hither come
For that old mansion's mossy roof no more,
Arises there, its day has long pass'd o'er,
And 'neath the shade of that wide spreading tree,
New walls are rear'd, both fresh and fair to see,
But oh! they tell no tale of days gone by,
Of days to which my mind oft loves to fly.

Oh scenes long past, why linger round me so,
Sad are the thoughts you bring, but no, oh! no,
I would not that it otherwise should be,
Tho' the salt tear they oftentimes bring to me.
'Tis mournful pleasure that I frequent find,
In those lock'd treasures of my careful mind;
I meet them often, and like miser's gold,
I treasure them, their price cannot be told,
And it so happens, when some spot is seen,
If some lost loved one by my side has been,
That Fancy's pencil paints it o'er again,
And pleasure mingles with a draught of pain,

Yet, dearly do I treasure by-gone days,
And many a scene like Assawamset sways
Its sceptre o'er me, and the tears oft find
Their way adown my cheek, but from my mind
I would not chase them, for they are a part
Of my existence, twin'd around my heart.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

One summer's morn I had a dream,
'Tis now before my eyes;
I see it on my vision beam,
So angry were the skies.

I dreamt that on ethereal wing,
Among the stars I flew,
And heard the glorious Pleiades sing
Their anthem ever new.

I heard the radiant sister band,
The high immortal seven,
Chant forth the glories of that hand
That hung them in high Heaven.

I heard the sisters, bright and fair,
Join in the choral song,
As I upon my wings of air
Wander'd the stars among.

I saw one of that band, so dear,
Fall from her stand above,
Drawn from her high and glorious sphere
By the bland smiles of Love.

I saw the high born Pleiad fall;
Her love to mortal given;
I heard the sister Pleiades call,
To win her back to Heaven.

In solemn cadence o'er my head
The mournful anthem rung,
"A star is dim'd, its lustre fled,"
Was the wild theme they sung.

Wildly they sung, "One of our choir
Has left, behold her fly!
Her love, fed by a deathless fire,
Mortal has dar'd to try."

"A star has fled," rung through high Heaven,
And fast the sable clouds
Curl'd round the six, that once were seven,
And wreath'd them in black shrouds.

Jove spoke in thunder, as he roll'd
His chariot through the sky,
That mortal man should be so bold,
As cast his love so high.

In anger dread the thunderer hurl'd
His bolts from Heaven, and spake!
His voice, re-echoing, shook the world,
And caused me to awake.

THE STREAMLET.

Bright ran the little streamlet,
Slow winding through the green;
The setting sun oft lit it,
With his last parting beam.

His golden eye look'd on it,
And linger'd round it long;
And as he smil'd upon it,
The eve bird sung its song.

Beside it bloom'd the wild rose,
And kiss'd its silver tide;
And ofttimes I at the day close,
Would wander by its side.

And there the spring's young violet,
First shed its rich perfume;
And there the daisy first we met,
On its lowly bed in bloom.

A mossy rock stood near it,
And long it there had stood;
Time's hand had ne'er dar'd it;
Tho' form'd before the flood.

Close by the rock was growing,

A lofty sycamore ;

And, as if protecting, throwing,

Its giant branches o'er.

How often there I've listen'd,

The mournful whip-poor-will ;

Till night's dew round me glisten'd,

And wet the ruin'd mill.

The waters murmur'd over,

The mossy broken dam ;

And, of the scene a lover,

Was many a snow white lamb ;

Their mothers too were lying,

Beneath the spreading tree ;

How can I help but sighing,

O'er those scenes of infancy ?

I've thought how oft there slumber'd,

The forest king of old ;

Whose race no more is number'd,

Or with the living told.

I've thought how oft the arrow,

Has there been seen to glide ;

And could not help but sorrow,

O'er the ancient forest pride.

And now that stream is mangled,
Its charms no more are seen;
And no more grows the tangled
Wild rose upon the green.

The playful lambs have vanish'd,
Their mothers too have gone;
The streamlet's beauty's banish'd,
And I must sigh alone.

None heeds me as I'm sighing,
None looks as I now look;
On ev'ry charm fast flying,
From the little winding brook.

And there no more at night fall,
Sings ~~the~~ sweet whip-poor-will;
Me to its lov'd haunts to call,
But all is hush'd and still.

The tree that tower'd so stately,
Beside the little stream;
I saw upon it lately,
The bright axe wildly gleam.

The rock!—the rock is riven,
I saw it thundering fly;
In fragments it was driven,
Far toward the sunny sky.

And here alone I sorrow,
As wandering in the green ;
I'll not again to-morrow,
Look on the once loved scene.

I'll leave, I'll leave it ever,
I'll wander there no more ;
'Twill give me pleasure never,
Its native charms are o'er.

THE TROUBADOUR.

The troubadour's singing! *Jacintha, come down!*
 He's singing an air that I once call'd my own;
Jacintha! Jacintha! come bring my guitar;
 I'll join him, while singing, I'll join in the air.
 It is mine, it is mine, and it wafts me again
 To the romantic hills of my own native Spain.
 The Troubadour's singing, *Jacintha, come down!*
 And bring my guitar, for the air is my own!

The Troubadour sung of a far distant river;
 He sung of the banks of the blue Guadalquivir;
 He sung of a maid, with her dark eyes of love
 Bent low on the ground, in a Castilian grove;
 And he sung of a minstrel who came from afar,
 From the vine-cover'd hills of the sunny Naverre;
 He sung the home air that forever endears,
 And Cath'rine of Arragon melted in tears.

Queen Cath'rine sat in her own lattic'd bower;
 Was dreaming, was fearing that come had the hour,
 When she was no longer a queen o'er the heart
 Of him that she loved, and the salt tear did start;

When the Troubadour's notes struck her now lonely ear,
And she wept, as she listen'd the music to hear,
When she says to Jacintha, "Come, bring my guitar,
I'll join him while playing the dearly loved air."

Of a king's fickle love now the Troubadour sung,
And she sunk on her couch, as the lattic'd bower rung ;
She sunk on her couch, as the truth did unfold ;
'Twas the Troubadour, trembling, the story now told,
That another fair queen was on England's proud throne,
And Cath'rine of Arragon now is alone.
She says to Jacintha, "Come, take my guitar,
I cannot play longer the music so dear."

The Troubadour sigh'd, as he play'd o'er and o'er
The airs that he brought from his own native shore ;
His tears they fell fast, at length Cath'rine knew
It was one that had lov'd her ; she wav'd an adieu.
She wav'd an adieu, yet she linger'd again
To listen awhile to the music of Spain ;

For it brought back the day, when her heart it
was free

From sorrow or care, as an infant's can be.

She now left the bower, but she wav'd an adieu,
For she knew it was one that had ever prov'd true;
She knew it was one who had loved her too well,
Who had wandered so far her sad story to tell;
For it was the same air, 'twas the same tender song
They had oft sung together, while wandering among
The groves and the bowers of her own native
Spain,

When her now throbbing bosom was free from all
pain.

It was one that had dared at her feet once to kneel,
Who had wander'd so far his devotion to seal;
For his once boyish love he had ever a care,
And Cath'rine of Arragon e'er had his prayer.
It was one that had dar'd once to kneel at her
feet,

To whisper of love, and to quickly retreat;
And he wept for her fate, at whose feet he once
kneel'd,

For Cath'rine of Arragon's doom was then seal'd.

THE BOUQUET.

I would not give this sweet Bouquet,
That in the woodlands grew,
For one more rich and far more gay
That garden bowers once knew.

I would not give it, for his hand
Plac'd these fair flowers in mine;
And his voice whisper'd this command,
They round my brows should twine.

To-night within the festive hall,
His hand and mine will meet;
For we are bidden to the ball,
The village youth to greet.

And he shall see the flowers he gave,
'Twin'd with my raven hair;
And this pure lily free shall wave,
In native beauty there.

I have a hope, 'tis budding bright,
'Twill open soon in day;
Come on, ye welcome shades of night,
And doubt flee fast away.

STANZAS TO A CHILD.

Happy child, where have you been,
 Dancing over the fields so green?
 Wild flowers twining with your hair;
 Blooming like yourself so fair;
 And your sparkling eyes so bright,
 Glowing like the gems of night.

Happy child, ay, child of glee,
 Spirit of light you are to me.
 You are the life of your happy home;
 Joy comes with you, when you come.
 Homeward go, like the bounding doe,
 Joy goes with you as you go.

You are the light of your parents' eyes;
 You're their all below the skies.
 May you ever, ever prove
 Worthy of their fondest love.
 May the precious trust them given
 Prove their richest boon from Heaven.

Yonder's your home, embowered in trees,
Gently fann'd by the evening breeze ;
There where the winding stream runs by,
There is your home, and hie, child, hie.
Hasten, happy, happy child ;
Gather your roses for they're wild.

Gather, and press them close to your heart ;
To-morrow you and their sweets must part ;
To-morrow all their charms will fade ;
Low their beauty will be laid.
Little you think 'tis an emblem true
Of the fate that is wove for you.

Little you think, as you dance with joy,
Time will all your charms destroy.
You must wither, droop and die ;
On the ground must your beauty lie.
Happy child, with your step so free ;
Surely, surely, the time must be.

The rose is the emblem of your doom ;
So must fade your beauty's bloom.
Time is ever on rapid wing ;
Soon, too soon, the hour he'll bring.
Then again with another hour,
When you will rise an immortal flower.

THE IRISH MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Oh, take me to my island home, oh, take me o'er
the sea ;

Oh, take me to my island home ; this is no home
for me.

'Tis not my own sweet Erin, where the shamrock,
ever green,

Arising from thy sainted soil, to cheer the eye, is
seen.

Oh, Erin dear, my island home, could I but hope
once more

That I should wander o'er the hills, that rise upon
thy shore,

I'd gladly toil from morn till eve, nor think my
task was hard,

If but the sight of those green hills would be the
blest reward.

Altho' oppression with her scourge stalks freely o'er
thy land,

And, following on, her wretched train are seen there
hand in hand,

This does but make me love thee more, my own
dear island home.

For thee my daily prayer shall rise, tho' far away
I roam.

If I could but forget thee, I yet might happy be
 Beneath these forests towering high, beside these
 rills so free ;

For o'er this highly favored land are many treasures
 pour'd,

And Plenty, with her golden horn, sits smiling at
 each board ;

But, Ireland, dear Ireland, thou art more dear by far ;
 My every thought is turn'd to thee by memory's
 guiding star.

I must return, I cannot stay upon the stranger land,
 Tho' crush'd and humbled in the dust thy hapless
 offspring stand.

I must return, I cannot stay, for there my parents rest ;
 And let me sleep my last long sleep upon green
 Erin's breast ;

And let my kindred close my eyes, and Erin's
 daughters dear

Gather wild flowers from off her hills to strew upon
 my bier.

Those hills, those gently swelling hills, that rose so
 green and high,

From out the bosom of the deep, when last they met
 my eye,

I almost think I see them now as they vanish'd
 from my view,

When, with aching heart and tearful eye, I waved
 a last adieu.

Oh! had I but yon eagle's wings, how quickly
 I would haste
 Across the broad Atlantic main, far o'er the briny
 waste,
 And on thy dear, thy sainted soil, pour out my
 warmest prayer
 To Mary Mother, who has deign'd to guard me
 from each snare.
 Yes, Erin dear, my native land, my prayer shall
 be for thee;
 May our lov'd queen but smile on thee, and say
 that thou art free;
 May she grant my prayer, and many a heart shall
 bless the happy day
 That hail'd as queen of the sister Isles the fair
Victoria.

A DIRGE IS SINGING.

A dirge, a dirge is singing,—

In strains how soft and low!

Flowers the young are bringing

Upon the bier to strow,

Buds from the rose tree,

Gather'd fresh this morn,

Leaves round them hanging,

Stript of every thorn;

Strew them, come strew them,

The sweetest ones bring;

'Tis a budding infant

Just nipt in its spring.

* * * * *

A dirge, a dirge is singing,—

Again it meets the ear!

Again a soul is winging

To brighter worlds than here;

Lilies are just gathered,

The fairest of the fair;

Strew them, come strew them,

O'er the maiden sleeping there.

She was a flower, the fairest ;

She bloom'd but for the tomb,

Gathered by the hand of love

In brighter worlds to bloom.

* * * * *

A dirge, a dirge is singing,—

It lingers round the bell,

Whose iron tongue is ringing

Some spirit's parting knell ;

Flowers, yes, fresh flowers,

Of every scent and hue,

Are gathered from their bowers,

With petals bath'd in dew ;

For 'twas a much loved mother

In Autumn's glory crown'd ;

Let tears of love fall round her ;

'Tis her that death has found.

* * * * *

A dirge, a dirge is singing ;—

Again 'tis on the air ;

The knell of death is ringing,

Not for the young and fair.

No flowers for the aged

Can be gathered from the snow :

They are wither'd, they are blasted

In their frozen beds below.

It is an aged matron,
With all her virtues here,
Whose spirit has departed
For a far better sphere.

* * * * *

THE SONG OF THE SHIP.

My home is on the briny deep,
My white sails catch each passing breeze,
And, as they freely round me sweep,
I feel my home is on the seas.

And well I love my briny home,
And well I love the winds that blow,
And well I love the snowy foam
That rises, as the waters flow.

And well I love the gentle sighs
Of winds that scarcely wake from sleep,
When ocean scarcely ruffled lies,
And sea maids round me wail and weep.

The briny deep it is my home,
And I am truly Neptune's child;
My cradle was the ocean's foam,
And at my birth the sea god smil'd.

The sun has sought his ocean bed,
And Cynthia deigns to smile on me,
Her silver beams are round me spread,
To light me o'er the deep blue sea.

The wind blows fresh, the tide runs fair,
And hearts on board are beating light;
They pant to breathe the mountain air,
And scale the Alps' proud dizzy height.

But listen! 'tis the seamaid's song;
She dwells within the caves below;
'Tis in these seas she does belong;
Her song it tokens coming woe.

And she has left her coral caves.
Listen how sweet the soft notes swell!
They linger now upon the waves;
The sailor's dirge she sings too well.

She ever sings her sweetest song,
And charms the spirits of the deep,
When ocean's gallant sons among
Her coral caves go down to sleep.

And then how sweetly she will sing,
To call him to her home below!
How wild the ocean-echoes ring,
When she invites him there to go.

Now, sailor, sailor, on the sea,
She calls to you, your time is come;
Prepare to go; 'tis she; 'tis she;
She calls you to her ocean home.

THE SAILOR BOY'S DIRGE.

"Come down to my coral caves ;
Come under the deep blue sea ;
As the moonbeams dance on the rippling waves ;
Come, dwell in the deep with me.

I've a bed, where you shall sleep,
'Mong groves and coral bowers,
And a watchful eye I will over you keep,
As you rest among sea-wash'd flowers.

Pearls shall glitter around your bed,
And shells, of the brightest hue,
Around you with careful hand I will spread,
And I'll weave a sea-wreath for you.

I've been to the Western Isles,
I've been to the Indian seas,
I've been where the summer is ever in smiles ;
I've treasures I know that will please.

'Twas for you I wander'd so far ;
For you a sea-wreath shall be wove ;
It shall beam like the rays of the bright polar star,
And adorn the fair brow of my love."

On his hammock the sailor boy lay ;
No friend smooth'd the pillow of death ;
He was doom'd ne'er again to behold the fair day,
And he gave to the winds his last breath.

The sailor boy breath'd his last sighs,
As he heard the sea maiden's song,
And low on a rock-bed of coral he lies,
Where the billows roll slowly along.

And long will the sailor boy rest,
And the childless widow will mourn ;
No more will she clasp her bright boy to her breast,
And rejoice at his welcome return.

A song oft comes over the waves
From over the wide spreading bay ;
'Tis the sea maid that sings in her deep coral
caves,
That guards that bright boy night and day.

His body is under her care,
But his spirit's in Heaven above ;
His mother will meet her dear sailor boy there,
And with him dwell in glory and love.

EVENING MUSINGS.

A calm is o'er creation spread ;
 The pensive twilight steals around ;
 The murmur of the waves is fled ;
 All nature sleeps profound !

'Tis evening, and the golden sun
 No more lights up the yellow lea ;
 His task is done, his round is run,
 He's sunk beyond the sea.

But yonder comes night's silver orb ;
 Slowly she climbs the eastern sky,
 And spreads her trembling rays abroad
 O'er glens and mountains high.

Accushnet's waters sparkle bright,
 And seem to smile beneath her beams ;
 The mild refulgence of her light
 Is seen in liquid gleams.

The morning sun, in glory crown'd,
 Looks proudly down on hill and plain,
 And, as he glances o'er the ground,
 Calls man to toil again ;

But thou, fair orb, invit'st to rest,
Rest to the weary child of woe;
Invit'st the songster to his nest,
Whose song doth all day flow.

I love the calm repose of night;
To me 'tis dearer than the day;
For, then my soul oft takes its flight
To realms far—far away.

* * * * *

But look, a fiery flash is seen
To glance athwart the skies afar!
'Tis gone,—as if it ne'er had been;
'Tis call'd a fallen star.

Where has it fallen? On what shore?
Or does it 'mid the ocean rest?
'Tis gone, alas! and never more
Will shine in glory drest.

There's music stealing o'er the tide!
It comes from yonder distant sail.
How softly, sweetly doth it glide
Along the moonlit vale!

And now, it lingers on the air,
And now, it gently, gently dies!
'Tis gone!—its guardian spirit fair
Has borne it to the skies.

And now, for me the deep ton'd bell
Proclaims I must no longer stay
In haunts, where I do love so well
To wile the hours away.

Farewell! awhile, ye much loved shades;
I leave you now, altho' I still
Would linger long; but yon orb fades,
And no more lights the hill.

THE HUNTED DEER.

Hark! hark, through the woodland the loud echoes
tell

That the hounds and the huntsmen are near!
Fly quickly, ah fly; they have mark'd thee too
well:

Hie over the brake and the wild heather bell,
Thou pride of the wood,—mountain deer.

O'er hill and o'er dale, at the break of the day,
They brush o'er the bright morning dew;
Yes, the hunters and hounds with their spirits so
gay,
With the horn's mellow notes, winding slowly away;
But thy life's blood it is they've in view.

Fly quickly, oh fly; for that bold antler'd brow
So noble, must not fall to-day;
Haste, haste o'er the mountain, brave quadruped,
now,
Through the dark denser forest and vallies below,
Away, for thy safety, away!

Be fleet as the arrow, fly, foes are behind,
And fast are thy footsteps pursuing;
Already they see thee laid low, in their mind,
Already the bugler has set up his wind,
The prelude, poor stag, of thy ruin.

But hark! through the forest the wild duck's scream
Tells the winding river is near;
See through the tall trees the bright waters gleam;
Thou soon wilt escape them, and over the stream
Will surely have nothing to fear.

We behold thee in safety, the bank thou hast won,
Noble creature, thou diest not to-day.
Ye sportsmen away, for your pleasure is done;
The chase it is clos'd with the rise of the sun;
Away! from the woodland, away.

LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING AN EAGLE WINGING ITS WAY MAJES-
TICALLY THROUGH THE CLOUDS, AT NEEDHAM,
JULY 23, 1838.

Soar on, proud bird, through yon distant cloud,
That so gracefully hangs on high,
And let its misty folds enshroud
Your pathway through the sky.

My country's emblem true you are,
And the highest cliffs are your home,
And the winds that rock your cradle there,
Have call'd you forth to roam.

On the highest pines on the mountain's brow
Is found your cradle nest,
And the angry storms, that around it blow,
Is your lullaby song, as you rest.

Your course is free, and your distant flight
Is scarcely scann'd, as you fly,
And you look on our world from your dizzy height
With a proud, and a scornful eye!

O'er the forest green, o'er the spreading lake,
O'er the boundless ocean's tide,
On your wide spread wings, your course you take,
And sail with a monarch's pride.

My country claims you, noble bird ;
May her course be like yours forever ;
And as long as freedom's song is heard,
May the sportsman mark you—never.

STANZAS.

I love the morn, the rosy morn,
When dew drops tremble on the thorn;
When fair Aurora rises high,
And flings her garlands from the sky,
Ere the bright morning sun appears,
To drive away night's dewy tears.

But dearer is this evening grey,
Yes, far more dear than glaring day;
When not one ripple dares to break
The silver surface of the lake;
And o'er the world a pensive light,
Is spread, by Cynthia, queen of night.

I love to hear the wild birds sing,
Within their bowers or on the wing;
The morning hours I dearly love,
As on their rosy round they move;
Cheer'd as they are by many a song,
I love them as they dance along.

But dearer is this eve in June,
 Lit by the trembling silver moon,
 Who seems now in her sober flight,
 To smile upon me as I write,
 And guides my soul to soar above,
 To revel in a Saviour's love.

THE INDIAN LOVER.

Arise, my love, and we'll away, the eagle plumes
his feather;

We'll seek the turtle in the bush, his hiding place
is there;

We'll gather from the black-brier hedge its jetty
fruit together,

And I will twine the orchis flowers among thy
raven hair.

The scarlet crested cardinal blooms in the marshy
meadow,

And clustering berries in the wood on ev'ry bush
are seen,

The lily with its glossy leaf hangs bending o'er its
shadow;

Arise, my love, and we'll away, where yonder
woods wave green.

I hear the robin's tuneful note, he's on the old
moss willow;

He's singing now his morning song, where eye
can see him not.

Arise, my love, the sun shines bright, and leave
thy sweet-fern pillow;

For sure it cannot be to-day our journey is forgot.

Where the broad Allegany wends its way among
the mountains,

We'll rest beside the giant oaks that raise their
arms so high ;

We'll bathe within its silver tide, and drink at crystal
fountains.

Arise, my love, for many a song rings through
the azure sky.

Not long ago I roved beside the big deep rolling
waters,

And I have brought a gift for thee, a gift of
shells most rare ;

I brought it for the fairest maid 'mong Allegany's
daughters ;

A gift of pearls and rosy shells around her neck
to wear.

Come bind thy flowing tresses round thy brow this
morning early,

And with it twine the laurel wreath I gave thee
yesterday,

Thy forest hunter gather'd it, for her he loves
most dearly ;

And thou wilt wear it for his sake, and haste,
and be away.

The nimble footed mountain fawn is out this sunny
morning,

And I upon the mountain top first hail'd the ris-
ing sun ;

And there I saw full many a flower the mountain
cliff adorning.

Arise, my love, for it is time our journey was
begun.

I see the bounding light canoe swift gliding down
the river ;

'Tis time that we were far away, were far be-
yond the hill.

A brighter sun, a fairer morn, I'm sure that we
can never

Expect to see, and sure my love must love her
hunter still.

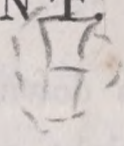
It is thy step, it is thy voice I hear within thy
bower ;

It is the song that most we love that meets my
ravish'd ear.

Come, for thy forest hunter waits, it is the chosen
hour ;

Come forth, my dark-eyed, dusky love ; don't
linger longer here.

F R A G M E N T



I saw within her eyes the tears,
 I saw her bosom swell;
 A mother's hopes, a mother's fears
 What tongue can ever tell?

Low on his little bed of pain
 The infant sufferer lay;
 The mother fear'd her prayer was vain,
 But fervently did pray,

With eyes bent fondly on her child,
 While the sweet sufferer slept;
 Her prayer was heard, he woke and smil'd,
 With joy the mother wept.

And soon upon his dimpled cheek
 Was seen the rose's hue;
 His first words were his thanks to speak:
 To God his thanks were due.

A WINTER'S NOON.

The sun looks down from his golden throne,
 With his bright and fiery eye;
 He looks at the icicles one by one,
 They glitter too bright for the fiery sun,
 As he sits on his throne on high.

He sends down his rays, they fall to the ground,
 And melt in a flood of tears;
 Not one single cord of that fringe is found,
 That so gracefully hung on the eaves' top around,
 Not one cord of that fringe now appears.

'Tis gone, its beauty has vanish'd away,
 Like the dews of a summer's morn;
 How it glitter'd and glow'd when the bright god
 of day
 First look'd on its beauty, and lent his first ray,
 The icicle fringe to adorn.

But now he in anger looks down from above,
 He says they've too long been abroad;
 He throws out his rays in anger, not love,
 For the torrents of tears they have shed do not
 move
 The heart of the fiery day-god.

He sits on his throne with a sceptre so bright,
That never has mere mortal eye
Had power to gaze on that great fount of light,
And fathom the mystery that drives away night,
And makes her in soberness fly.

The snow is fast melting, is gliding away,
Like a fairy vision it goes ;
Beneath the fierce gaze of the sun it can't stay,
With its lily white mantle throughout the whole day,
For the bright day-god's eye on it glows.

In sorrow the poor little schoolboy is seen
To mourn for the sport he has lost ;
He looks at the hill side, where oft he has been,
On the clear crusted snow, and quite happy, I ween,
With his bright ey'd companions to coast.

Ne'er mind it, my boy, there are winter days more,
And, perhaps, on the morrow you will
With your light little sled be quick gliding o'er
The white crusted snow by your own cottage door
That stands at the foot of the hill.

The day-god will rule, be it warm be it cold,
On each rolling day of the year,
His favors they cannot be bought or be sold,
And he'll not let the snow tell a tale that is old,
Tho' the schoolboy shed many a tear.

The monarch of day he rides through the sky,
And frights the dark shades of the night;
He makes white hair'd winter in soberness fly,
When spring time comes round and away he will
hie,

With the aspect of one in affright.

And a struggle is oft on the ice-cover'd plain
When they meet there in fatal affray,
Cold winter he throws out his bright icy chain,
The day-god looks down and he melts it in twain,
And at length drives old winter away.

When he throws off his mantle there's many a tear
Left trembling like diamonds so bright,
Yes, many a dew-drop is seen glitt'ring here,
To adorn nature's diadem throughout the year,
And light up the dark brow of night.

SUMMER SHOWER.

Welcome, welcome, summer shower,
O'er the earth your treasures pour,
Long it is we've pray'd in vain,
For the cool refreshing rain,
Welcome, welcome, summer shower,
Freely round your treasures pour.

How rejoiced all nature seems,
Even the little winding streams,
As they kiss the pebbly shore,
Seem to thank you o'er and o'er;
Welcome, welcome, summer shower,
O'er the earth your treasures pour.

Every songster in the grove,
Now will tune its note to love,
Every flower of every die,
Now will ope its beauteous eye,
Every fish within the lake,
Seems from sleepy dreams to wake,

Every tree and field that lay,
Suffering under Sol's bright ray,
Now rejoicingly is seen,
Putting on its robe of green.
Welcome, welcome, summer shower,
Freely round your treasures pour.

A PICTURE.

See yon little rogue, how sly he is creeping,
 On mischief he's bent, by the look of his eye;
 On a bank of sweet flowers his young sister is
 sleeping,
 To wake her he means, and that makes him so
 sly.

Young rogue, do not wake her, she surely is
 dreaming,
 She dreams she is now in some bright fairy land;
 The soft eyes of fairies upon her are beaming,
 Now don't break the spell, with that straw in
 your hand.

Let her sleep on, she will soon enough waken,
 Soon, soon enough, the fair vision will flee;
 Then she'll mourn o'er the loss, as she sees the
 leaves shaken,
 That hang on the boughs of the old garden tree.

Let her sleep on, let her dream the dream over,
 The fairies are fanning her now with their wings;
 The winds bring sweet odors, while over her hover
 Pure spirits, 'mid air while the wood-robin sings.

How sweetly she sleeps underneath the old willow,
Why can't you, dear boy, let your sister alone?
Why can't you but leave her upon her sweet
pillow?

There, there, you young rogue, now the mischief
is done.

A WINTER'S TALE.

Hoary winter now is come,
Hov'ring round our cottage home;
With him all his chilling train,
Snowy flakes and icy rain.
Hear him whistle as he goes,
Naming ev'ry wind that blows;
Hear him rattling at the door,
See him creep the windows o'er.
How he shivers, how he shakes,
What a din the tyrant makes;
Let him bluster, we don't fear,
Winter cannot enter here;
Out of doors he must remain,
All his efforts are in vain.
Now, while grand'ma trims the fire,
Making the bright flame burn higher;
Round the hearth stone we will gather,
Heeding not the wind nor weather.
While the crackling faggots blaze,
I will tell of bye gone days;
Come, my Edward, come to me,
Sit upon your grandsire's knee.

Mary, take your little chair,
To my side, and sit you there.
Now, my children, I will tell,
Of a day remember'd well;
How the wild winds did complain,
Like a demon torn with pain,
How they circled as they flew,
Ut'ring notes forever new;
Hills and dales and rocks among,
Their unearthly song they sung.
Then upon the passing gale,
Comes a sad and piercing wail;
As the storm fast gather'd round,
Our ears caught the unwelcome sound,
That a suffering vessel lay,
Near the shores of Plymouth bay.
But so rude the storm did rage,
None its anger could engage;
None could lend a helping hand,
To the sufferers off the land.
None the fated bark could reach,
As it lay far off the beach.
When the storm was hush'd and done,
And the morning light came on,
There the fated bark was seen,
Torn and wreck'd that night she'd been.
I was then in manhood's prime,
O'er my head old frosty time

Had not held his wither'd hand,
With his wasted glass of sand.
I was one that first did dare,
To board the doom'd bark that lay there.
Never, never will the sight
Vanish from me day or night.
Seventy souls had winter's breath,
Chill'd to sleep the sleep of death.
Some in the attitude of prayer,
Bow'd them to the tyrant's snare;
Some were standing on their feet,
Wrapp'd in winter's winding sheet;
Some were sitting all the same,
As before the tyrant came;
Some in agony and fear,
Froze upon their cheek the tear.
Oh, my children, may it be,
Ne'er your lot such sight to see.
In the old town hall next day,
Seventy statue forms there lay,
Cold and hard as marble wrought
By some sculptor, and there brought.
Who could look on sight like this,
And not feel his littleness,
Feel what frail and feeble worms
We are all, in death's chill arms,
When he o'er us holds his sway,
Tearing us from earth away.

Even him who came to read
There service for the dead,
Fainted, as burst on his view,
The dread sight I tell to you.
Then with trembling hands we made
One broad grave, and they were laid
On their mother earth to sleep,
Tho' they died upon the deep.
Children, if in after years,
You be call'd to hear with tears,
Of that day, that fatal day,
When the Gen'ral Arnold lay,
Wreck'd and torn, her hapless band,
Crush'd by winter's icy hand;
When this tongue no longer speaks,
Of past scenes that mem'ry wakes,
Think to you your grandsire told,
Of that day that day of old.
Sometimes on a winter's night,
When the fire burns brisk and bright,
When you feel so safe and warm,
Think of the dread Magee storm.

EVENING.

The moon is rising, I will forth alone,
 By the hill side my evening walk I'll take;
 The whip-poor-will begins his solemn tone,
 And the bright moonbeams dance upon the lake.
 A holy calm o'er all creation steals,
 As the grey twilight throws her veil around;
 A mystic influence to the soul reveals,
 That 'tis the hour when prayer doth most abound,
 That many a one, on lowly bended knee,
 This hour pour forth their souls, great God, in
 praise of thee.

The voice of music steals upon my ear,
 From yonder lowly roof it seems to come;
 It is a hymn of praise, methinks, I hear,
 It rises to high heaven from that low dome,
 For there is truly found a godly band,
 Who walk in love their daily round below,
 United in their humble sphere, they stand,
 Hoping that when they leave this world of woe,
 That they shall meet in realms beyond the skies,
 And round the eternal throne their songs of love
 shall rise.

The music dies away, the fervent prayer
Ascends to brighter, happier worlds than this;
The little flock, that now are gather'd there,
The great Life Giver long has claim'd as his,
For they have trusted him, who makes to blow
The winds in anger, and when seems him best,
Lulls them to rest, and makes the waves to flow
And wildly swell, then hushes them to rest;
To him and him alone they bow the knee,
To him who rules in heaven, in air, and earth and
sea.

A humble lot is their's, who there reside,
Beneath yon cot with woodbine mantled o'er;
But sweet contentment o'er it doth preside,
They've all that nature craves, they ask no more.
Few are their wants, their cares are also few;
How few that reach that goal, yet all do strive,
And hope to gain it, for the valley through
Is ever open—yet how vain we live—
But put our trust in God, and on him rest,
And, like those blest ones, we should be forever
blest.

Soft strains of music meet my ear again,
It comes from yonder mansion on the hill;
That throws its shadows o'er the moonlit plain,
A different measure and a different trill;

'Tis the light song that with the dance goes round;
The morning hours will find them on the floor;
Contrast it with the scene just yonder found,
Where balmy sleep her poppies light doth pour.
Sweet is their rest, and the bright morning sun,
Will see them joyful rise, and their day's task begun.

And who the happiest, who the happiest man!

The son of pleasure, is he happier far
Than him, the son of labour?—if you can
The question answer—whose the brightest star?
A cheerful, happy look in one is seen,
In one a bloated face and bloodshot eye,
That plainly tell us what his life has been.

The question's answer'd, and the reason why,
One bows to pleasure, one to God alone,
And with the rising sun sends praises to his throne.

With the gay lark high soaring o'er his head,
Light o'er the lawn he joyful wends his way;
While one is tossing on his downy bed,
And finds no rest, tho' breaks the blushing day.
All night his hall with giddy discord rung,
The wine cup freely took its course around;
To-day his head with torturing pain is hung,
No rest for the sad victim now is found.
If this is pleasure, let her gates to me
Remain forever clos'd—forever let them be.

Give me yon humble cot, beside the grove,
With the bright streamlet winding by the door,
Where songs of praise and the sweet kiss of love
At eve go round—yes, far, oh far before,
Yon marble dome, that frights the night with mirth,
The night hours destin'd for the soul's repose,
When nought but peaceful dreams should e'er have
birth,

Or meditation her soft lids uncloze.
Calm as the stream that murmurs gently by
Their door, the inmates of yon cottage lie.

* * * * *

Who can but see in every herb and flower,
The hand of the Omnipotent divine,
And feel the existence of a mighty power,
And ponder often with a thoughtful mind,
On those bright worlds, deep veil'd from human sight,
And then upon our lower world below,
While high o'er head the sober queen of night,
Looks plaintive down and calls on him to bow,
And let his spirit take its unseen wings,
And soar away where the cherub choir e'er sings.

The seasons, as they roll their round along,
Speak, loudly speak, yes, loudly do they tell,
The goodness of that Power to whom belong
The earth, air, ocean and all things that dwell

Within their bounds—where'er we turn our head,
From the sea depths to cloud cap mountains high,
We see his outstretch'd arm in goodness spread,
We see it overshadowing wide the sky;
We're shadow'd by his love, his guiding power,
He claims our warmest thanks, each season, day,
and hour.

The boundless ocean as it heaves and falls,
The 'bowering wood, the flower enamel'd plain,
The tuneful bird, that on its lov'd mate calls,
Join in the praise of their Creator's name.
Yes, one and all their Maker's praise proclaim,
The clouds on high that spread their wings
abroad,
Tell of his glory and his endless fame,
The power, the mighty power of him the Lord.
This night they seem to join, all nature now ap-
pears,
To join in one accord the music of the spheres.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Beautiful insect, from whence did you come?

Did you come from the fairy's home?

Did you ever with fairies roam,

Within their ruby gem'd halls?

You are not of this world of ours;

You were made for the fairy bowers,

To sip the sweets of immortal flowers,

That bloom where dew never falls.

Tarry awhile, and do not fear;

Rest awhile on the rose-tree here;

Drink of the morning's last bright tear,

That's lingering on this leaf;

Or rest on the flower I have in my hand,

For I think you'ree queen of the fairy land;

The tiny tribe is at your command,

And your time on earth is brief.

I once reclin'd where the branches green

In all their fringy array are seen;

It was at the close of a summer's e'en;

The sun had just gone to rest;

Over my head the hasels hung;

The eve-bird sung the boughs among;

Sweet yet mournfully he sung,

And smooth'd his downy breast.

And oh! what a sight was given to me!
While resting beneath the hazle tree
I heard a sound like the honey bee,
 Quick rustling through the fern;
I look'd, too bright for mortal eye
Was the sight then given for me to spy,
And never again, tho' I oft there lie,
 Did the fairy vision return.

As I lay reclin'd on my fringy bed,
I heard the night dews over my head
Softly fall on the leaves that were spread
 In their dark green hues so bright;
And I heard a voice amid the leaves,
Soft as the zephyr, when it grieves.
It said that many a fair hand weaves
 A crown of the moon-beams light.

We gather'd them up, as they wildly stray'd,
And among the feath'ry fern trees play'd,
And many a matron and many a maid
 Has woven them into a crown;
'Tis meet for none but our own bright queen;
'Tis the fairest crown that ever was seen;
The sun-eye never will on it dare beam,
 When his fiery rays dart down.

Then one like you was seen to fly
Lightly down from the moon-lit sky ;
It sparkled bright in the pale moon's eye,

And I heard a voice thus say,—
“ Welcome home to the fairy land,
Favour'd queen of our own bright band,
Once more reign and hold command,
And roam no more away.

Welcome home our own fair queen,
The flowers are bright, the groves are green,
And many a gem lies hid between

The leaves with their foliage bright ;
The crown is ready, we've waited long,
Long we've waited the bowers among ;
Fairies strike up the coronal song,
And bring the crown of light.”

At first I saw not the fairy train,
I heard, but look'd and look'd in vain,
And silently I did complain,

When, close by a bracken tall,
A beautiful butterfly came down ;
Its wings were of gold, and the brightest brown,
And it rested where the turf was mown,
And waited the coronal.

Then a ring was form'd by the loyal band,
And round the beautiful insect stand,
And low they bow at her command,
And pay her the honors due,
And place the crown on her tiny head,
And the fairy queen is gently led
Softly by my fringy bed,
By her subjects loyal and true.

When, oh! a strain of the sweetest sound
Comes from the dew-bespangled ground,
And a zephyr wafts it far around,
Wherever its light wings spread.
And the fringy leaves of the bracken grove
Seem to tremble and gently move,
As over the turf the tiny band rove
With the butterfly queen at their head.

As gently round the soft strains flow
They moved, but their steps were light and slow
And oftentimes were seen to bow,
As their little queen on them smiled,
When all at once from the velvet green
A palace rose of dazzling sheen,
And its gates unbar'd to the fairy queen,
Whom earth had awhile beguiled.

A DREAM OF THE SEA.

Come listen awhile, come listen to me,
 And I'll tell you a dream I once had on the sea;
 The waves they were hush'd, were as smooth to
 the view,

As that beautiful mirror wherein now are you
 Reflected so truly, so lovely and fair,
 With art's skilful hand aiding nature with care.
 'Twas beautiful night, as we lay on the seas,
 How joyful we then would have hail'd the fresh
 breeze.

Our signal flag hung from the tall mast on high,
 And waved not one line to the soft moonlit sky.
 It was in the Gulf Stream that becalm'd we thus
 lay,

And nought but the dolphin was seen the long day.
 And when we retir'd we of dulness complain'd,
 At length drowsy Morpheus his empire regain'd;
 And I was a dweller beneath the blue waves,
 And sung with the sea-maid within her own caves;
 And had for a chariot a sea shell, how white,
 It was drawn by six dolphins with golden scales
 bright,

And sea-nymphs in waiting, yes, many a one,
 Whose bright eyes had never once look'd on the sun,

How sweetly they smil'd and how sweetly they sung,
As they twin'd me a garland with purest pearls
hung,

And my path it was strew'd with the rarest of
shells,

I've e'er since loved the home where the sea-maiden
dwells.

As in triumph I rode—the seals of the deep
Were ope'd, and no longer their secrets did keep;
How the grey headed miser would open his eyes,
And gaze with delight until lost in surprise;
Could he look on the riches safe anchor'd below,
Where the sailor boy sleeps, and the coral trees
grow.

I saw there a beauty of noble degree,
Who had just come to sleep in the deep blue sea,
Her pale brow was wreath'd with diamonds and
pearls,

And the sea snake entwin'd with her dark glossy
curls;

But it troubled her not, she was ne'er to awake,
Till the trumpet is blown, earth's foundations to
shake;

And close by her side lay a once haughty king,
But what could his lineage and honours now bring,
He slept in the deep, he was chain'd in a trance,
He heeds not the dolphins as around him they
dance.

His sceptre is there, but the arm of a slave,
Has encircled it round, for he there found a grave,
When he came with his master his freedom to find,
Which on earth was denied him, but here was defin'd.
A mother was there, and entwin'd in her arms,
Was a babe that had not lost its innocent charms,
Its smile was as sweet as it was on the day
When it came with its mother on sea grass to lay.
And the miser was there, with his riches untold,
But he heeded them not as the ocean waves roll'd,
He heeded them not as the waves swept them far,
Tho' they once were his idol, his god and his star.
The waves how they roll'd and they thunder'd along,
And kept time as they danc'd to the sea-maid's song.
The old and the young in confusion there laid,
On their hard coral beds where the sea weed play'd.
None heeded the sea song but moved to and fro,
As the rolling billows would over them throw.
In my scollop shell chariot I hurriedly rode,
Like an empress in state through my wat'ry abode.
At length in an arbour of sea shells and flowers,
I reclin'd, while around me the pearls fell in
showers ;
How brilliant the couch upon which I repos'd,
At length I awoke—and before me unclos'd,
A broad arch above, while the sea-maidens sweet,
Sung a song of high triumph within my retreat ;

And long after linger'd so wild and so clear,
The sweetest of echoes that ever met ear;
And 'tis answer'd afar as tho' sung in a grove,
As nearer and nearer a train seem to move;
They are heard on the sea shells and quickly they
haste

To my gem studded bower in the watery waste;
And soon on my vision the light train appear,
Each leaving a garland of pearly shells clear,
Intermix'd with bright flowers from their own wat'ry
bed,

And pearls far the fairest that ever were spread,
On the brow of a queen whose power was com-
plete,

And the garlands were brought and were laid at
my feet.

And after them came by the wild waves propell'd,
A form far the fairest that eye e'er beheld;
She wore on her head a crown, 'twas of flame,
And the music grew wilder as onward she came.
No sapphire was there, nor no diamond was seen,
Nor emerald, stealing from ocean its green;
'Twas of red fiery flame, and its radiance was
spread,

Like the rays of the sun, round the sea fairy's
head;

And as she advanc'd the sea maidens bent low,
And rev'rence they paid as they lowly did bow.

She soon pass'd them by and came where I lay,
On my couch made of brilliants too bright for the
day ;

And the crown it was raised by a power none
could see,

And it hiss'd like red coals as it came toward me.

The music swell'd louder and wilder the song,

And louder the ocean waves thunder'd along ;

And then the fire crown it was hung o'er my brow,

I felt the fierce flame as around it did glow ;

My brain it grew dizzy. No more can be told,

But in terror I woke and the ocean waves roll'd.

I found that the fairest and liveliest gales,

Were playing and singing among the white sails ;

And we were fast nearing the long wish'd for
shore,

And my dream of the crown and its terrors was
o'er.

OUR VILLAGE FEAST OF SHELLS.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE WRITTEN, AND SUNG AT A
VILLAGE "FEAST OF SHELLS," HELD AT "WOODS
GROVE," FAIRHAVEN, SEPT. 3, 1838.

Let others sing the rosy god
Beneath the purple vine,
And bow them to the tyrant's nod,
And pour the sparkling wine:
Another theme the Muse for me
Has chosen from her wells—
'Tis this—beneath the green-wood tree
To sing the "Feast of Shells."

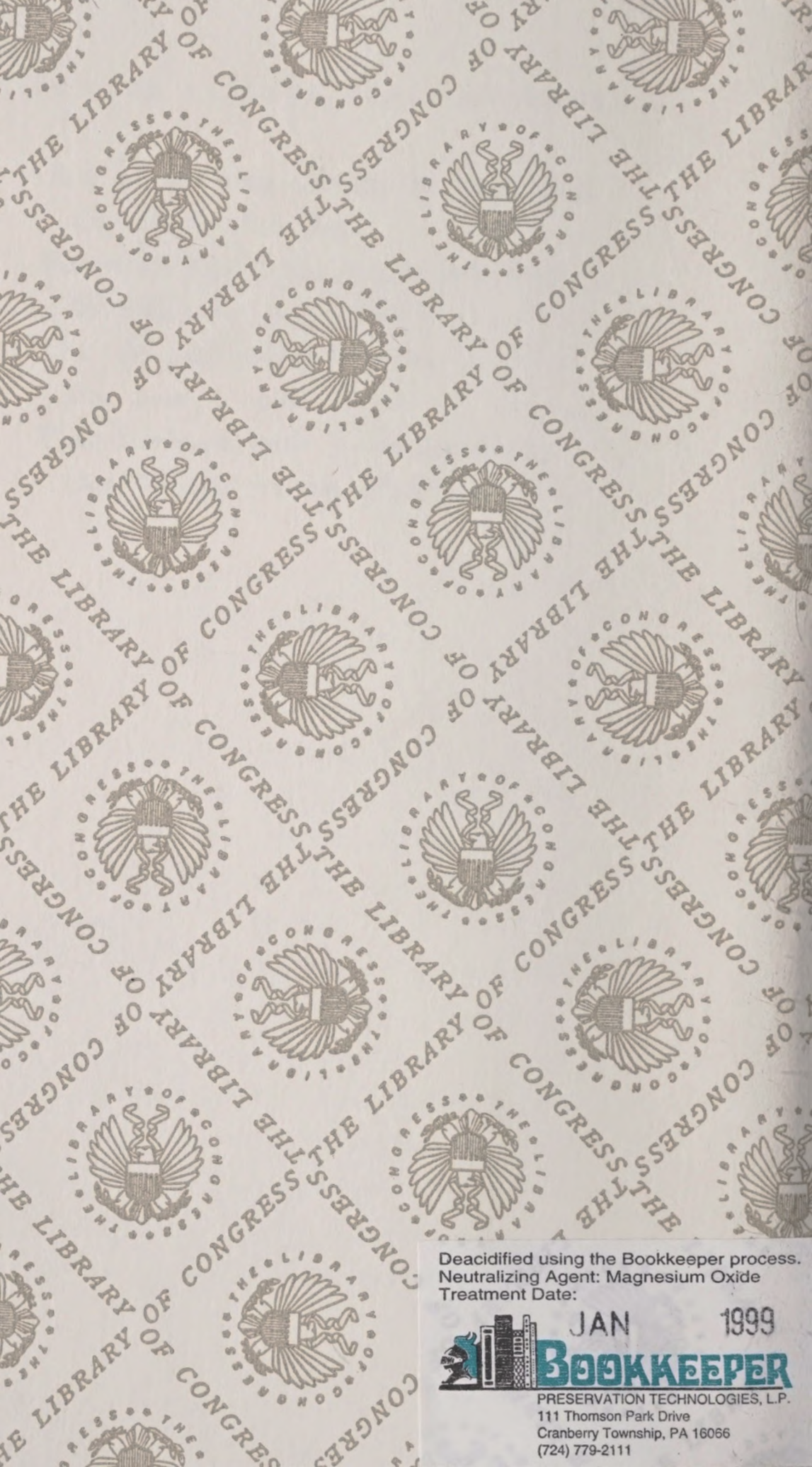
When Ossian struck his lyre among
The Caledonian hills,
And charm'd the echo's as they sung
Beside the mountain rills,
He tun'd his harp they say of old—
His fame the story tells—
And sung in strains both soft and bold
The ancient "Feast of Shells."

Here oft the dusky forest maid,
 And hunter of the wood,
 Beneath the oaks have careless stray'd,
 Or musing here have stood.
 And many a distant warrior band
 Has left its crags and fells,
 Upon Accushnet's banks to stand,
 And grace the "Feast of Shells."

But now no more their songs are heard
 To break the stilly night;
 No more the thicket leaves are stirred
 By scalping knife so bright;
 No more wild echoing through the air
 Are heard their savage yells,
 And cause the pallid maiden fair
 To leave the "Feast of Shells."

Now fearlessly we've gather'd here,
 Those days of blood are o'er,
 Not even the nimble footed deer
 Is seen upon our shore.
 No gloomy sprite shall frighten us,
 Nor Folly with her bells,
 Of *Reason's* crown shall lighten us—
 She rules our "Feast of Shells."

And as we sing the groves shall ring,
So merrily this day,
For none but happy hearts we bring
Beneath the green-wood gay;
The old and young together join,
For here a spirit dwells
That brightens with its smiles divine
Our Village "Feast of Shells."



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